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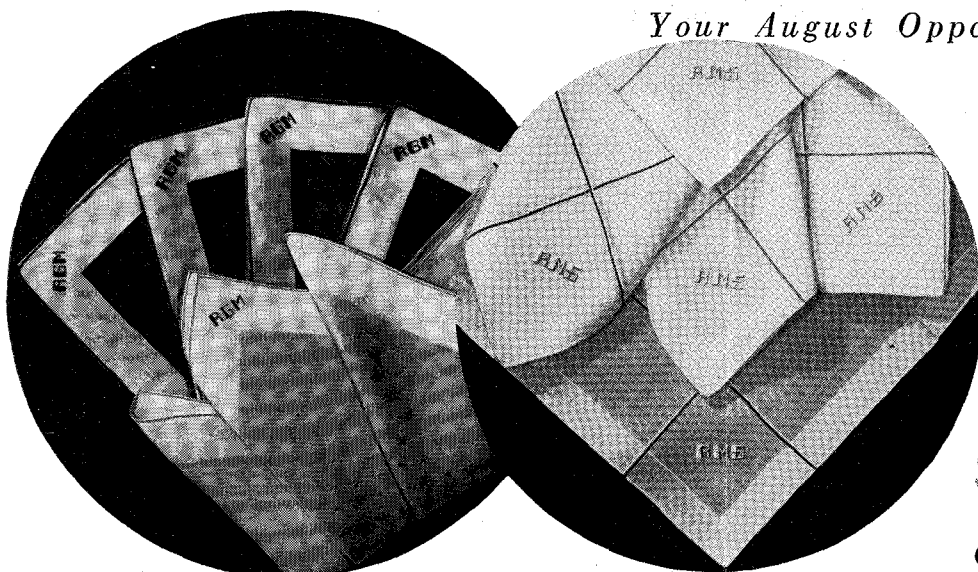
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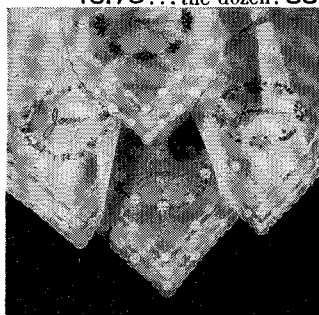
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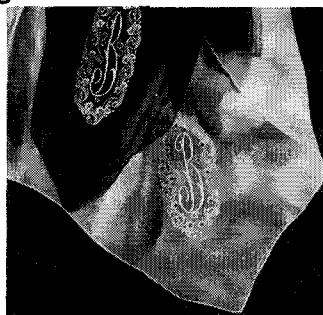


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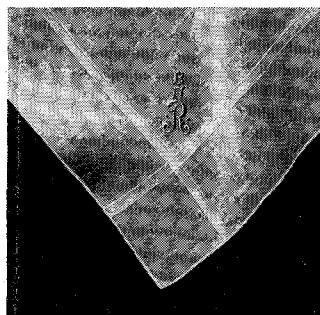
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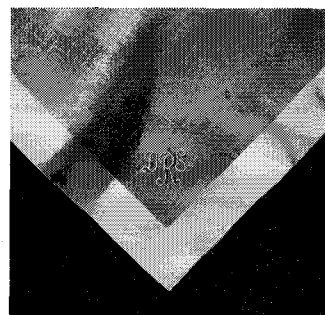
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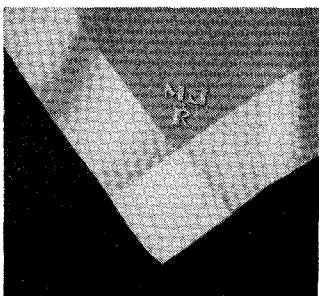
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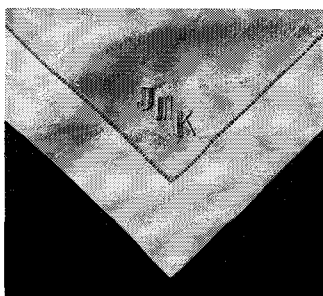
D-69 Exquisite sheer linen hand loomed beauties for her, meticulously hand-rolled and monogrammed in white or pearl grey. 11". Set of six per monogram: **15.75**... the dozen: **31.00**



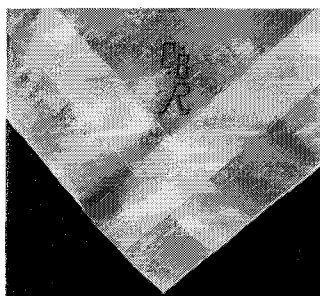
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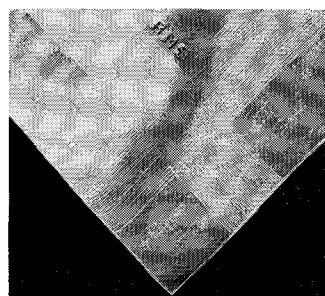
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

FALLEN ANGELS—Mary McCarty has replaced Nancy Walker in this revival of Noel Coward's 1925 comedy. She is assisted by Margaret Phillips, Alice Pearce, William Windom, and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A HATFUL OF RAIN—Vivian Blaine and Steven McQueen now have the leading roles in this not too expertly written melodrama dealing with a drug addict and his upstanding wife. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE MATCHMAKER—Ruth Gordon is wonderfully comic in Thornton Wilder's fine period farce about a woman who arranges a number of marriages to her own satisfaction. Loring Smith and Eileen Herlie do nobly with co-starring roles, and there are also nice contributions by Arthur Hill and Patrick McAlinney. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF**: A drama by Tennessee Williams about a tribe of powerful and self-tormented landowners in the South. Marjorie Steele and Thomas Gomez currently head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**: Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS**: Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hymman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Air Force. James Holden (who will be succeeded by Charles Hohman on Monday, Aug. 6) is now playing the hillbilly hero. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?**: A kind of Faustian legend involving a worker in the Hollywood vineyard who sacrifices his soul for assorted emoluments, including a delectable blonde. With Jayne Mansfield, Martin Gabel, Walter Matthau, and Tom Poston. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5090. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

MR. WONDERFUL—Sammy Davis, Jr., is the center of all this disturbance about a night-club entertainer and his struggle to reach the top. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the simple-minded book; Jerry Bock, Larry Holofcener, and George Weiss did the songs; and Jack Donohue directed. Mr. Davis's father and his uncle are in the cast, along with Jack Carter, Kay Medford, and Olga James. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA—Frank Loesser, who had a hand in such miracles as "Guys and Dolls"

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and "Where's Charley?," wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." He has done an accomplished job, though there may be a few who question whether it was worth doing. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinee performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the talented cast; Jo Mielziner and Motley designed the scenery and costumes, respectively; and Joseph Anthony is the director. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MY FAIR LADY—Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews give two of the season's most enchanting performances in this superb adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics; Frederick Loewe composed the music; Oliver Smith designed the sets and Cecil Beaton the costumes; Hanya Holm staged the dances; and Moss Hart directed the cast, which also includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW FACES OF '56—Leonard Sillman's latest revue is very pleasant, and its leading performer, T. C. Jones—a female impersonator, of all things—is very comical as he portrays Miss Tallulah Bankhead in various moods. Among other diverting people on hand are Billie Hayes, Jane Connell, Johnny Haymer, John Reardon, Virginia Martin, and Bill McCutcheon. The songs, dances, and sketches are largely the work of June Carroll, Paul Lynde, Louis Botto, and Ronny Graham; the settings provided by Peter Larkin are charming and summery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**DAMN YANKEES**: Gwen Verdon plays a demon, Ray Walston her employer, and

Stephen Douglass her earth-bound suitor in this version of the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **FANNY**: A big plot-and-character musical show based, a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille, two of whom are Lawrence Tibbett and Billy Gilbert. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) ... **THE PAJAMA GAME**: Love and labor relations in a pajama factory. In the cast are John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Julie Wilson, and Neile Adams. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, Aug. 3: "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesdays, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. Jason Robards, Jr., and Farrell Pelly head the cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

FOURTH STREET THEATRE—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," now with Lori March and Alfred Ryder. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: A play by Douglas S. Cramer, "Call of Duty." ... Starting Tuesday, Aug. 7: "Hotel Excelsior," a play by Hans Holzer. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. Evenings at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinee Saturday, Aug. 11, at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Paul Hartman, Hal LeRoy, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-8247.)

"THREE FOR ALL"—A triple bill, made up of dances by Paul Draper, dramatic readings by David Allen, and folk songs by Milt Okun. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesdays and Thursdays during the month of August at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

ANDOVER—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: Jayne

	Page
BOOKS	74
THE CURRENT CINEMA	58
LETTER FROM PARIS	64
THE RACE TRACK	60
TEE AND GREEN	70

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Meadows in "Tea and Sympathy." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 7-12: "Bus Stop." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N. J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

BEVERLY—Through Saturday, Aug. 11: "Guys and Dolls." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:45 and 9:30. A special program of jazz by Dave Brubeck's quartet will be given on Sunday, Aug. 5, at 5 and 8:30.)

CAMDEN—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Gloria Vanderbilt and Turhan Bey in "The Spa," a new comedy by Edward Chodorov. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Sylvia Sidney in "Anniversary Waltz." (Camden Hills Summer Theatre, Camden, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CHATHAM—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "The Girl on the Via Flaminia." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 8-11: "The Seven Year Itch." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

CLINTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Tea and Sympathy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "The Tender Trap." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COHASSET—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Finian's Rainbow." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "Me and Juliet." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

CRAGSMOOR—Through Monday, Aug. 6: "Personal Appearance." Wednesday through Monday, Aug. 8-13: "Night Must Fall." (Cragmoor Playhouse, Cragmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Dolores Del Rio and Lili Darvas in "Anastasia." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Barbara Britton in "Dead on Nine," a new play. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Rudy Vallée in "Jenny Kissed Me." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "Where's Charley?" (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

FALMOUTH—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Billie Burke in "The Solid Gold Cadillac." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Celeste Holm in "A Sudden Spring," a new play. (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

FISHKILL—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: "The Chalk Garden." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 7-12: "Anniversary Waltz." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

FITCHBURG—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Tallulah Bankhead in "Welcome, Darlings!" a new revue. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "Personal Appearance." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

HYANNIS—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "The King and I." Monday through Saturday, Aug.

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6-11: "Paint Your Wagon." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

HYDE PARK—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Tea and Sympathy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Gloria Vanderbilt and Turhan Bey in "The Spa," a new comedy by Edward Chodorov. (Hyde Park Playhouse, Hyde Park, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

IVORYTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Cesar Romero in "Strictly Dishonorable." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Billie Burke in "The Solid Gold Cadillac." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

KENNEBUNKPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "The Firefly." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 8-11: "Kismet." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

LAMBERTVILLE—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: "The Student Prince." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 7: "Annie Get Your Gun." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

MATUNUCK—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Barbara Baxley in "Bus Stop." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: A group of Ballet Theatre dancers headed by Nora Kaye and John Kriza. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MILLBURN—Lillian and Dorothy Gish in "The Chalk Garden." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MONMOUTH—The American Savoyards in an eleven-week repertory. Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Utopia, Ltd." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Celeste Holm in "A Sudden Spring," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "The Rainmaker." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOUNT KISCO—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!" Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 7-12: Tamara Daykharanova in "Anastasia." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, Aug. 11: Hermione Gingold in "Sticks and Stones," a new revue. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NEWPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Gypsy Rose Lee in "Fancy Meeting You Again." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Julia

Meade in "Tea and Sympathy." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Carol Bruce in "Anniversary Waltz." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Donald Cook in "The Golden Egg," a new comedy. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: "The Chalk Garden." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 7-12: "A Roomful of Roses." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Double Door." Starting Wednesday, Aug. 8: "The Philadelphia Story." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

PROVINCETOWN—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "The Chalk Garden." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "The Gentle People." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "All on a Summer's Day," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Robert Q. Lewis in "What's the Rush?" (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SEA CLIFF—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "First Night," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Dolores Del Rio and Lili Darvas in "Anastasia." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

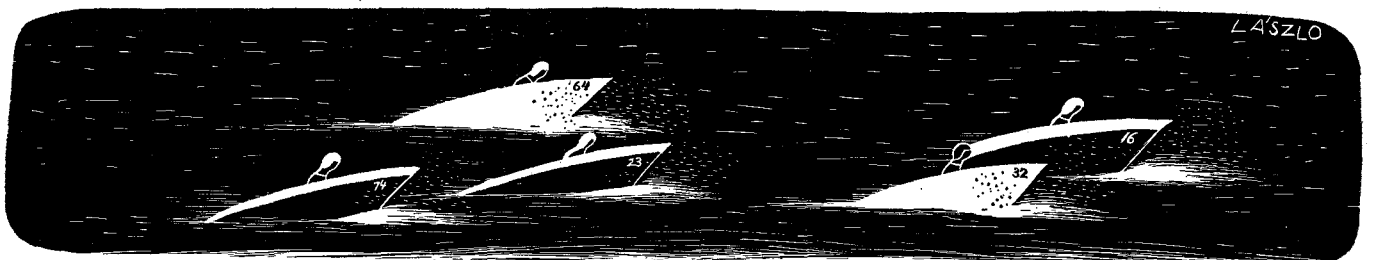
SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Bus Stop." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Rudy Vallée in "Jenny Kissed Me." (Lake-wood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "The Happy Time." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "The Good Fairy." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performances by Anna Russell, vocal caricaturist, on Thursday and Friday, Aug. 2-3, at 3.)

STRATFORD—Nina Foch and Pernel Roberts in "The Taming of the Shrew": Previews Thursday evening, Aug. 2, and Saturday matinee, Aug. 4. Opens officially on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 5. Other performances on Sunday evening, Aug. 5; Wednesday evening, Aug. 8; and Friday evening, Aug. 10. . . . Nina Foch, Arnold Moss, and Kent Smith in "Measure for Measure": Friday and Saturday evenings, Aug. 3-4; Tuesday evening, Aug. 7; Wednesday matinee, Aug. 8; and Saturday evening, Aug. 11. . . . Mildred Dunnock and John Emery in "King John": Thursday evening, Aug. 9, and Saturday matinee, Aug. 11. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. For tickets, call WA 5-8070.)

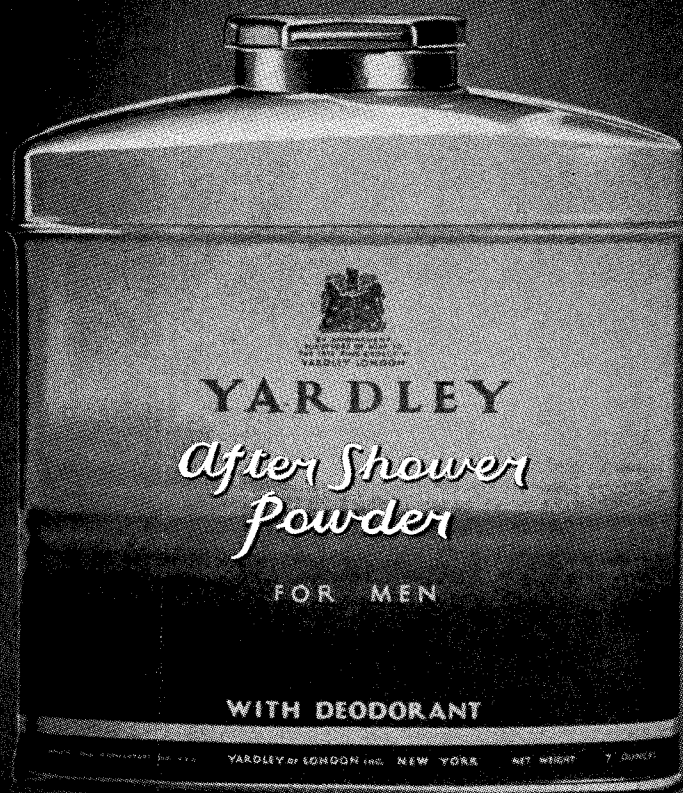
WALLINGFORD—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Plain and Fancy." Starting Monday, Aug. 6: William Johnson in "Kismet." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30.)

WESTBURY—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Guys and Dolls." Starting Monday, Aug. 6: "Wish





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

You Were Here." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9:30.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "The Doctor in Spite of Himself." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Beatrice Lillie and Fred Keating in a new revue called "Beasop's Fables." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6161.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: "Anastasia." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 7-12: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting the San Francisco Ballet. The second program will run through Saturday, Aug. 4, and the third program from Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 7-11. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club (jewels by Cartier, gowns by Dior) has dinner music until ten, then dance music by the veteran Chauncey Gray's band and a rumba group. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All about the care, feeding, and photographing of goldfish. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band play for dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There's dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's. Except Sundays, Renato Rossini and his educated Spanish guitar fill the interludes with furious passion.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance music of Maximilian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen starts at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's orchestra is the summer replacement in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Paradise enow, with pretty clouds floating across a benign sky (all the work of Joseph Urban) and pretty girls waltzing across the floor to the lilting strains of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small bands. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra looks after anyone in a mood for motion.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A habit-forming indulgence among a certain group that's afraid to go home in the dark. Dancing in one of the frequent alcoves.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The current dinner and supper revue is simply a clotheshorse on which some busy young ladies and gentlemen balance themselves while they sing, dance, and model several million costumes. The gowns are mostly silks and satins; the plot is constructed of an inexpensive synthetic. The situation is improved by Jerome Courtland's manly grace notes and Lou Nelson's far from idle chatter. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioe's orchestra play for dancing after eight.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ted Lewis, who has an incredible amount of mileage on him by now, is probably the last Model T in town. He and his band, which provides a background for him, are on the handsome Starlight Roof. Closed Sundays. . . . In an estuary of the voluminous

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Peacock Alley, there's dancing from eight-thirty to one weekdays to the music of Jozsi Ribari's boys, who are Old Guard Viennese. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, Mischa Borr's band does the honors.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a chalet at the summit of the Rockefeller Range, presents hushed non-dance tunes and cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A *grande-luxe* stage set, with Addison Bailey, who has a Texas accent but a New York repertoire, at the concert grand during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A nineteenth hole, a sportsman's preserve, a stamping ground. The accompaniment is Kurt Maier's mixture of European and Broadway piano, from eight to ten and from eleven to the finish. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins—pianist, newscaster, and Southern gentleman—runs a most cooperative apartment. It's neat, rather than gaudy, but the old Rover Boys spirit prevails at times. Otis Clements helps out at the piano after nine; Mr. H. is there after six. The place is closed every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St. at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain, where it can't dampen the ardor of the Andalusian singing and dancing on display. The patrons may join in the second sport from time to time. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The three-hours-for-cocktails and the three-hours-for-dinner sets can hear Jules Kuti, whose rambling piano is Budapest with an American accent, in the bar until midnight. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A mere slip of a restaurant, where Don Evans, the dinner and supper pianist, applies the very best butter to a collection of romantic show tunes. After the theatre, Lovey Powell casts a pale, moonlight spell over some other songs, and Brooks Morton sits in with Mr. Evans. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE PÉRIOD**, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (PL 5-0650): Whatever the name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar, where there's Latin-American piano off and on from dinner until after one every night but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): A European school of cookery that is placid, jolly, and (from seven-thirty until the small hours) full of just the music you'd expect. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E.

79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music, music everywhere, all night long. The best of it is produced by a six-man band in the *zwei-Herzen* tradition. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the melodies you thought everyone else but you had forgotten. . . . **CHEZ LUCIE**, 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-4604): Norbert Faconi, a floorwalker of the old school, parades his violin around this sunken living room. He is aided by three compatriots, one of them a zimbalonist. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Mae Barnes, who's been in her roaring forties for many a year, is the *force majeure* on these premises. Orson Bean, a poker-faced cherub, makes antic hay while the moon shines; Portia Nelson sings affectionately about several of the sweeter uses of adversity; and Dick Gautier, the junior member of the household, does a couple of neat parlor tricks with words. The Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are a perfect backdrop. Closed Sundays. . . . **Weekdays**, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty in the lounge and, after 2 A.M., some rumpus-room music by the Lyons trio. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Village at its old-fashioned best, principally because of the return of Maxine Sullivan, who's spent most of her life on the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond. When she's not lifting her gentle voice in song, Milt Kamen, the most modest of all jesters, is having his say. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): A one-of-a-kind *boite* and *salle à manger* that brings together again Mabel Mercer, the leading influence on a whole generation of calm, collected ballad singers, and Cy Walter, the leading influence on a whole generation of drawing-room pianists. She appears after ten-thirty; he shows up at dinner and supper. Sam Hamilton, Mr. Walter's alter ego, starts in at the cocktail hour and keeps going. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): As always, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville are tinkling away at the twin pianos. In addition, a couple of times a night there is the hobbledehoy clowning of Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell. Sundays, there are silly old silent movies, too; Mondays, when Miss Cedrone and Mr. Mitchell stay home, are budding-talent nights.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The rumpus in this Village smithy is the handiwork of Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Bob Casey, and Mr. Condon, all of whom belong to the Chicago school of fundamentalists. Between sets, Dick Wellstood and Buzzy Drootin keep the piano and drums warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Thursdays, Bud Freeman joins in with the Messrs. Wellstood and Drootin. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Teddy Wilson's trio, a fond remembrance of the good old days, delivers its final hot lick on Saturday, Aug. 4. Cyril Haines' trio departs the same night. On Monday, Aug. 6, George Shearing's serene and subtle quintet will be moving in, along with Ahmad Jamal's threesome. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day, and on Sundays Jack Elliott's top-notch vanguardist trio is in charge of the evening session. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Two famous drummer boys—the complex Chico Hamilton, who operates a quintet, and the blockbusting Gene Krupa, who operates a quartet—are in residence, along with Anita O'Day, a well-known canary. They all go away on Thurs-

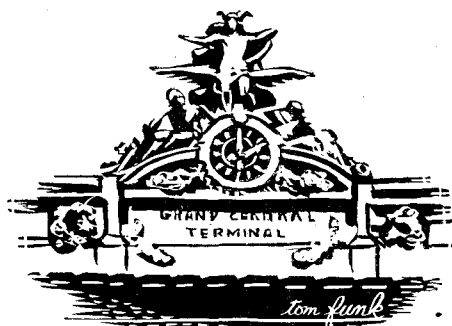


day, Aug. 9. Next evening's arrivals will be the West Coast foursome of Dave Brubeck, who at times suggests the second coming of Bartók or Bach, and the quartet of the erudite Don Elliott, who plays everything but the viola da gamba. Closed Mondays. . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A hardy collection of veterans going buckety-bucky down the road to Dixie. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, a prophet not without honor anywhere in the world, has brought his band of faithful followers (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, and Sonny White) back to town. Every one of them believes in the great American past. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The good little trios have a way of dropping in to pay their respects whenever they're in town. Right now, after nine o'clock, Eddie Heywood's middle-of-the-road group is upholding this tradition. Also audible are the Three Girl Instrumentalists, whoever they are. The Girls are absent on Sunday, the Heywoods on Monday. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, delivers his introspective piano études earlier, from six to around nine, every evening but Saturday, when he rests up; Sunday and Monday he's there most of the night. . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): What Lester Young's quintet and Bud Powell's trio have to say for themselves is sometimes terribly intramural, but it is all worth your careful attention, even if no translation is available. Mondays are guest nights. . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Jutta Hipp, a small and picturesque child from West Germany, is demonstrating with clarity and precision her concept of modern piano, backed by two American aides-de-camp—Edmund Thigpen, on drums, and Peter Ind, on bass. The trio reports at ten. Suzanne Fordham, the piano soloist, reports at nine. No music Mondays. . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A bumptious shooting gallery that is nevertheless suitable for family parties. A constant stream of tootlers (among whom you are apt to see Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins) ambles to and fro on the quarter-deck behind the bar from 3:30 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M., huffing and puffing like mad. . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Muscular weekend music from away back—the kind with a chip on its shoulder. Saturday, Aug. 4, the roster should include Coleman Hawkins, Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Vic Dickenson, Cliff Jackson, Sonny Greer, and Jimmy Rushing. Starting time is nine. Dancing. . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another weekend haunt for small fry. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, the ceremonies will be conducted by such old settlers as Conrad Janis, Max Kaminsky, Russell Moore, Eddie Barefield, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Zutty Singleton, and Panama Francis. . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The management's game of progressive musical chairs is sometimes quicker than the eye, but it could be that Zoot Sims' quintet is here now and that Roy Eldridge's quartet will be added to the cast on Friday, Aug. 3. It is definite that the salon is closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (WELLS 1-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342). . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROSLYN 3-0037); dancing; closed Mondays. . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L. I.:** André (HUNter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday eve-



nings; closed Mondays. . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (PORT WASHINGTON 7-7644); dancing every evening. . . **Riviera** (PORT WASHINGTON 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays. . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge, on Route 7 (Idlewood 8-6511); piano every evening. . . **Fox Hill**, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . **Mont d'Or Inn** (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays. . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (WALnut 1-4000); closed Mondays. . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (MEDford 1-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDGEwood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Julian Levi, Reuben Tam, and Oliver Andrews; through Friday, Aug. 10. . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Summer still-lives by Sigmund Menkes, Joseph Floch, Doris Lee, and others; through Aug. 31. . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Chen Chi, Gordon Grant, Molly Guion, and Edward Fenno Hoffman are among the contributors to a large display of water colors, oils, and sculptures; through Aug. 31. . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 120 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Lamar Dodd, Arthur Osver, Victor Candell, Louise Nevelson, and other gallery members; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 5:30). . . **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: A selection of water colors (by Reginald Marsh, Charles Burchfield, and Hans Hofmann, to mention a few) that has been on a two-year tour of museums in France; through Oct. 1. . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A retrospective of the past season, comprising oils, water colors, and sculptures by William Thon, Isabel Bishop, Arline Wingate, and others; through Aug. 31. . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Alexander Brook, and Henry Varnum Poor are four of the participants in a showing of oils and water colors; through Friday, Aug. 3. . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: This year's edition of the annual "Fact and Fantasy" presentation includes paintings and sculptures by Cameron Booth, Hale Woodruff, Manolo Pascual, and other members of the gallery group; through Aug. 24.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONTEMPORARIES**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A potpourri made up in part of oils and graphics by Antonio Music, Massimo Campigli, Pierre Bonnard, Marc Chagall, and Antoni Clavé, as well as sculptures by José de Creeft, Helene Sardeau, Paul Manship, and other Americans; through Aug. 31. . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings, together with twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Karl Knaths, Marsden Hartley, Renoir, and Oronzio Mal-

darelli; through Aug. 31. . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Paintings by contemporary American and French artists—Hedda Sterne, Atilio Salemmme, Joan Miro, and others—plus sculptures by Henri Laurens and Archipenko; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5:30.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Present-day French paintings from the gallery collection, including examples by Lorjou, Brayer, Mottet, and Chapelain-Midy, as well as drawings, predominantly French, dating from the fifteenth to the twentieth century; through Aug. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.—One of a series of summer shows that run for a month each and consist of works exhibited during the past year. In addition, new works done at the Center are added as they are completed. Through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—European paintings lent from eleven private collections and dating from the early Impressionists; among the artists are Monet, Degas, Modigliani, Utrillo, and Braque. A group of modern sculptures rounds out the exhibit. Through Sept. 30. . . **Richard Lippold's "The Sun"**, a gold-wire construction twenty-two feet long and eleven feet high. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit and sale of a hundred and fifty drawings, chosen (with the emphasis on new talent) from thousands submitted by artists across the country; through Sunday, Aug. 5. . . **Several paintings or sculptures apiece** by a group of twelve Americans, mostly of the Abstract Expressionist school and including Sam Francis, Franz Kline, and Larry Rivers; through Sept. 9. . . **"The Prints of Henri Matisse"**—sixty etchings and lithographs, covering a period of more than fifty years, plus illustrated books, monotypes, and linoleum cuts; through Oct. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—More than forty objects of medieval art, acquired over the past year and a half, including a thirteenth-century silver-gilt reliquary statuette of St. Stephen and a fifteenth-century Hispano-Flemish altarpiece; through Sept. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sept. 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

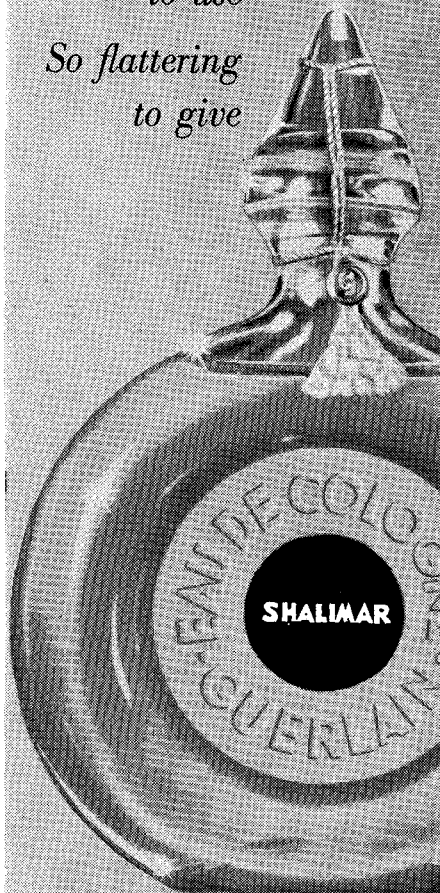
NEWPORT, R.I. Art Association of Newport: Portraits by Channing Hare; starting Friday, Aug. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5). . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by George Luks (1867-1933); a memorial show of ceramic sculptures by Carl Walters (1883-1955); and another of the yearly offerings of paintings, drawings, and sculptures called "Americans of Our Times." Through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8). . . **Ogunquit Art Center:** The thirty-sixth annual national exhibition, consisting of examples in oil, water color, tempera, and pastel by Aldro Hibbard, Robert Brackman, Henry Gasser, and others; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5). . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints make up the summer's second show, as they did the first, with Abraham Harrison, Leo Manso, and Victor Candell among the participants; starting Sunday, Aug. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6). . . **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: Jerri Ricci, Stow Wengenroth, and Umberto Romano are on the roster of artists for a display of oils, water colors, pastels, sculptures, graphic arts, and crafts; through Tuesday, Aug. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6). . . **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Woodstock Artists Association: A work apiece by members and invited friends; through Wednesday, Aug. 8. (Mondays through Fridays; 1 to 5:30; Satur-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, 11 to 5:30 and 7 to 9; Sundays, noon to 3.)

MUSIC

CARNEGIE MUSIC AND DANCE SUMMER FESTIVAL—The Trinidad Steel Band in a calypso program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 6-9032.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Richard Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 17. Vincent Persichetti will conduct one of his works on Friday, Aug. 3.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK CONCERTS—Robert Scholz conducting the American Chamber Orchestra. The first in a series of four free concerts. (Monday, Aug. 6, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place the following evening.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Eleazar de Carvalho conducting the Boston Symphony, with Jocy de Oliveira, piano. . . . Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein directing the Boston Symphony in a concert in memory of Serge Koussevitzky, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; and the Festival Chorus. . . . Sunday, Aug. 5, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony, with Zino Francescatti, violin. . . . Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: A program of chamber music played by Zino Francescatti, violin, and Artur Balsam, piano. . . . Thursday, Aug. 9, at 6: The annual "Tanglewood on Parade" program, including offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, a lawn party, a concert by the Boston Symphony (conducted by Eleazar de Carvalho) and the Boston Pops (conducted by Arthur Fiedler, with Jesús-María Sanromá, piano), door prizes, and waltzing on the lawn. For the benefit of the Berkshire Music Center. . . . Friday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . Sunday, Aug. 12, at 2:30: Charles Munch directing the Boston Symphony, with Marguerite Willauer, soprano; Albert Da Costa, tenor; James Pease, bass; and the Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

ELLENVILLE JAZZ FESTIVAL—Thursday, Aug. 2, at 8:45: Duke Ellington and his orchestra. . . . Friday, Aug. 3, at 8:30 and midnight: Sarah Vaughan, Erroll Garner's trio, and Bobby Hackett and his All-Stars. . . . Saturday, Aug. 4, at 9: George Shearing's quintet, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Buck Clayton and his All-Stars, and Coleman Hawkins. (Ellenville, N.Y. For information about tickets, call CH 4-0728.)

CHAUTAUQUA—Thursday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: A recital by Jeanne Mitchell, violin. . . . Walter Hendl directing the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra on Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8:30 (with the Columbus Boychoir); Sunday, Aug. 5, at 3 (with Jeanne Mitchell, violin); Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 8:30 (with John Browning, piano); Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 8:30 (a pop concert; no soloists); and Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:30 (a Vaughan Williams-Brahms program, with John Browning, piano). (Amphitheatre, Chautauqua, N.Y.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Thursday, Aug. 2, at 8:40: Marian McPartland's trio. . . . Saturday,

Aug. 4, at 4: Richard Dyer-Bennet, ballad singer. . . . Sunday, Aug. 5, at 8:40: Sarah Vaughan and her trio. . . . Saturday, Aug. 11, at 4: Richard Dyer-Bennet, ballad singer. (Lenox, Mass.)

CONNECTICUT POPS—John Pennington conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra in a program of music from musical comedies, with Dorothy Sarnoff, soprano, and Ray Middleton, baritone. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Friday, Aug. 3, at 8:30.)

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4: Alec Templeton, piano, and the Phoenix Quartet. . . . Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11: Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano, and the Knickerbocker Chamber Players. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—Saturday, Aug. 4: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . Saturday, Aug. 11: John Corigliano, violin, and the New York Philharmonic Quartet. (Pittsfield, Mass. Afternoons at 3:30.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire String Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, Aug. 2, at 1:30. . . . Giants vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 3, at 5:30 (twilight doubleheader); Saturday, Aug. 4, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 5, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . Giants vs. Philadelphia, Monday, Aug. 6, at 1:30; Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 8; and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 8-9, at 1:30. . . .

EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, Aug. 2, at 1:30. . . . Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 3, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 4, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 5, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 10, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 11, at 2. . . . **ROOSEVELT STADIUM**, Jersey City: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 8. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Aug. 10, at 8:15, and Saturday, Aug. 11, at 2.

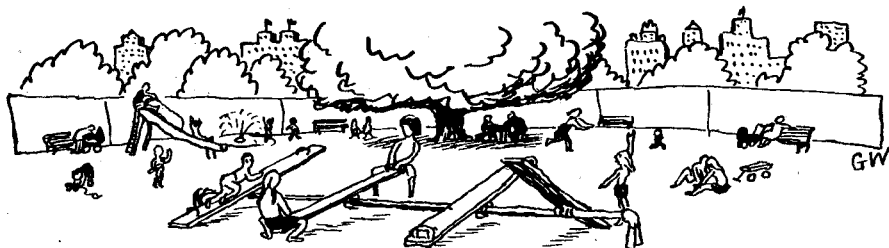
BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Aug. 3: Joey Giambra vs. Rocky Castellani, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . Friday, Aug. 10: Orlando Zulueta vs. Ludwig Lightburn, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

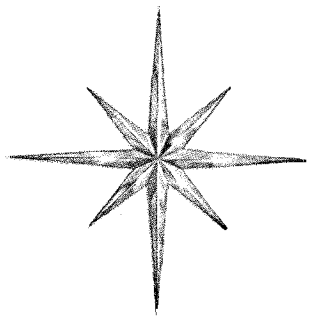
GOLF—Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Whippoorwill Club, Armonk, N.Y. Through Saturday, Aug. 4.) . . . Tam O'Shanter Championships. (Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 2-5, and Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 9-12.) . . . Sectional qualifying round for the U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. Tuesday, Aug. 7.) . . . U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (Taconic Golf Club, Williamstown, Mass. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 8-11.) . . . Metropolitan Golf Association Beers Memorial Tournament. (Braidburn Country Club, Madison, N.J. Thursday, Aug. 9.) . . . New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Dutchess Golf and Country Club, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 9-12.)

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 11.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

RACING—At JAMAICA: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Brooklyn Handicap,





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Aug. 4. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **SARATOGA SPRINGS:** Weekdays at 2:30, from Monday, Aug. 6, through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Flash, Monday, Aug. 6; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 8; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 11. ... **MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.:** Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 8. The Choice, Saturday, Aug. 4. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday, Friday, Monday, and Tuesday at 12:20, and Saturday at 11:55. A boat will leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., each day at 10:50, and will be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)... **ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.:** Weekdays at 2, from Thursday, Aug. 9, through Saturday, Oct. 6. The Atlantic City Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 11. (A train will leave Penn Station at 10:30—an additional train Saturdays at 10—connecting with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 5.)... **Davis Cup North American Zone Final Match:** United States vs. Mexico. (Westchester Country Club, Rye, Friday through Sunday, Aug. 3-5. Tickets may be obtained at the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the Westchester Country Club.)... **Eastern Grass Court Championships.** (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 6-12.)

TROTGING—At SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 25. ... **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:30; through Friday, Nov. 30. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mount Vernon.)... **GOOD TIME PARK, Goshen:** Daily at 1:30, from Tuesday, Aug. 7, through Thursday, Aug. 9. The Hambletonian, Wednesday, Aug. 8.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is now scheduled to adjourn Friday, Aug. 10), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10 or 10:30 and at 2 or 2:30, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... **Hour-long tours** leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. ... **Questions** about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The summer show, "Mars," brings us up to date on our planetary neighbor—its surface features, its ups and downs, and so on. (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... **Every night, except Monday, a half-hour** conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

PERSEID METEOR SHOWERS—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best nights for watching are Friday through Tuesday, Aug. 10-14, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all cooperative, forty or fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through

Aug. 4, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Drifters" (1928); and "Fires Were Started" (1943). ... **Aug. 5-8, showings at 3: "The Tempest" (1928), with John Barrymore.** (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—YANKEES—At Yankee Stadium: Aug. 12, Aug. 14-16, Aug. 21-26, Aug. 29, Sept. 3, and Sept. 7-9. ... **DODGERS—**At Ebbets Field: Aug. 12, Aug. 14, Aug. 16, Sept. 3, Sept. 5-9, Sept. 11-12, and Sept. 14-15. ... **At Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City:** Aug. 15. ... **GIANTS—**At the Polo Grounds: Aug. 17-19, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, and Sept. 11-15.

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 9.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Mixed Foursomes Championship. (Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, L.I. Aug. 15.)... **Metropolitan Golf Association Father and Son Tournament.** (Englewood Golf Club, Englewood, N.J. Aug. 20.)... **U.S.G.A. Senior Championship.** (Somerset Country Club, St. Paul, Minn. Aug. 20-25.)... **Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship.** (Century Country Club, White Plains. Aug. 23-26.)... **Sectional qualifying rounds** for the U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N.J. Aug. 28.)... **U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship.** (Knollwood Country Club, Lake Forest, Ill. Sept. 10-15.)

HORSE SHOWS—Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Aug. 29-31, Sept. 4-6, and Sept. 10-11.)... **Helping Hand Horse Show.** (Syosset, L.I. Sept. 1.)... **Warrenton Horse Show.** (Warrenton, Va. Sept. 1-3.)... **North Shore Horse Show.** (Stony Brook, L.I. Sept. 6-8.)... **Piping Rock Horse Show.** (Locust Valley, L.I. Sept. 13-15.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—Marathon race around Manhattan Island. (Sept. 9.)... **President's Cup Regatta.** (Washington, D.C. Sept. 15-16.)

RACING—At Belmont Park, Sept. 3-Oct. 15.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Aug. 13-19.)... **U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships.** (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 20-26.)... **A match** between the International Lawn Tennis Clubs of the United States and Australia. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Tentatively Aug. 28.)... **Eastern Seniors' Grass Court Championships.** (Huntington Crescent Club, Huntington, L.I. Aug. 28-Sept. 1.)... **Women's Invitation Tournament.** (Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I. Aug. 29-Sept. 1.)... **National Singles Championships.** (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Aug. 31-Sept. 9.)

TROTGING—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs, Sept. 6-Oct. 13.

BALLET—The Royal Danish Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sept. 16-30.

OTHER DATES—The Democratic National Convention will start on Aug. 13 in Chicago. ... **The Republican National Convention** will start on Aug. 20 in San Francisco. ... **National Home Furnishings Show,** at the Coliseum, Aug. 25-Sept. 9. ... **Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit,** Aug. 31-Sept. 30. ... **Labor Day** is Monday, Sept. 3. ... **Ice Capades,** at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 12-23. ... **Federal estimated income-tax payments** are due Saturday, Sept. 15.

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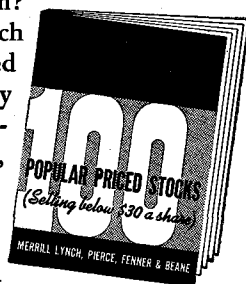
The booklet grades every stock in terms of its investment or speculative character, gives you descriptive digests on each company and pertinent statistical information that should help you decide which ones to buy in the light of your own circumstances.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

THE KING AND I—A Hollywood version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Very pretty, melodious, and ingratiating, but also very long. Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr are splendid as the principals. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

MOBY DICK—John Huston's interpretation of the Melville novel. While Mr. Huston's work is considerably less profound than the original, it does add up to an exciting trip far out on the deep blue. Richard Basehart, Leo Genn, Bernard Miles, and Friedrich Ledebur play Ishmael, Starbuck, the Manxman, and Queequeg, respectively, and they are all estimable. As Captain Ahab, however, Gregory Peck is a rather wooden figure, which is most unfortunate. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

OKLAHOMA!—The Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country, expanded by a process called Todd-AO into the most inflated item the movie optical experts have cooked up yet. Among the large, overpowering images thrown on the screen are those of Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Charlotte Greenwood, and Rod Steiger. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:40; Saturdays at 11, 2:30, 7:30, and 10:40; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE PHANTOM HORSE—A Japanese film that's as handsome as you could ask for. The plot, about a small boy and a horse, is standard yard goods, but that shouldn't bother you, for the boy, as played by Yukohiko Iwatare, is utterly engrossing, and so, for that matter, are the others in the cast. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

PRIVATE'S PROGRESS—This really first-class British comedy finally proves that there's a lot of humor to be found in the military life. The hero of the picture is Ian Carmichael, who plays a scholarly and bemused private; he is assisted skillfully by Richard Attenborough and Dennis Price. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL—A drunken doctor and a despondent widow find glum but interesting romance in a seedy Veracruz suburb, which is in the grip of an epidemic of spotted fever. A French film adapted from a story by Jean-Paul Sartre and directed by Yves Allégret. Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan head a capable cast, which includes a good many native Mexicans. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through Aug. 5.)

LA STRADA—A topflight Italian film whose director, Federico Fellini, demonstrates an

ability to see the Italian scene steadily and whole. The leading actors—Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart—do well by the enterprise; the only trouble with it, in fact, is that Giulietta Masina, the heroine, is a rather limited actress. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

REVIVALS

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN (1950)—Betty Hutton in the Irving Berlin show. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 5-6.)

A BILL OF DIVorcEMENT (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 7, tentative.)

BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 8, tentative.)

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (1932)—The piece about prison life in the South. With Paul Muni. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Aug. 6-7.)

THE MOON IS BLUE (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

100 MEN AND A GIRL (1937)—Leopold Stokowski, Deanna Durbin, and an orchestra. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE (1946)—Dorothy McGuire as a mute pursued by a strangler. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 7, tentative.)

THE WINDOW (1949)—About a persistent young fibber who happens to witness a real murder and can't get anybody to believe him. With Bobby Driscoll and Arthur Kennedy. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 5-7, tentative.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listings under "Other Events," page 11.

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE
AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Trapeze," Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Gina Lollobrigida.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MOBY DICK.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Fastest Gun Alive," Glenn Ford, Jeanne Crain.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Pardners," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Aug. 8 (tentative): "The Eddy Duchin Story," Tyrone Power, Kim Novak.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Earth vs. the Flying Saucers," Hugh Marlowe, Joan Taylor.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
THE KING AND I.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Somebody Up There Likes Me," Paul Newman, Pier Angeli.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Bigger Than Life," James Mason, Barbara Rush.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Aug. 8 (tentative): "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Fenech, Nicole Berger; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

Through Aug. 7 (tentative): *THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE*, revival; and *A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT*, revival.

From Aug. 8 (tentative): "Madame Butterfly," with Japanese actors and Italian singers.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)

Through Aug. 7: "The Great Locomotive Chase," Fess Parker, Jeffrey Hunter; and "Secret of Treasure Mountain," Valerie French, Raymond Burr.

From Aug. 8: "Safari," Victor Mature, Janet Leigh; and "The Cockleshell Heroes," José Ferrer, Trevor Howard.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through Aug. 7 (tentative): "The Ladykillers," Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

From Aug. 8 (tentative): "Bhowani Junction," Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)

Through Aug. 5: "The Catered Affair," Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine; and "Gaby," Leslie Caron, John Kerr.

Aug. 6-7: *I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG*, revival; and "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien.

From Aug. 8: "That Certain Feeling," Bob Hope, Eva Marie Saint; and "The Scarlet Hour," Carol Ohmart, Tom Tryon.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
LA STRADA (in Italian).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

MOBY DICK.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)

Through Aug. 4: "The Great Locomotive Chase," Fess Parker, Jeffrey Hunter; and "Secret of Treasure Mountain," Valerie French, Raymond Burr.

Aug. 5-7: "The Killing," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray; and "Nightmare," Edward G. Robinson, Kevin McCarthy.

From Aug. 8: "Safari," Victor Mature, Janet Leigh; and "The Cockleshell Heroes," José Ferrer, Trevor Howard.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)

"Rififi" (in French), Jean Servais. (Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6:05, 8:10, and 10:15. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

"Fruits of Summer" (in French), Edwige Feuillère.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)

"Secrets of the Reef," a nature film on marine life.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)

Through Aug. 4: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day.

Aug. 5-8: "The Harder They Fall," Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger; and "Hot Blood," Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

Through Aug. 7 (tentative): "A Kid for Two Farthings," Celia Johnson, Diana Dors; 23 Paces to Baker Street," Van Johnson, Vera Miles.

From Aug. 8 (tentative): "Bhowani Junction," Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

Through Aug. 8: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)

Through Aug. 5: "The Catered Affair," Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine; and "Gaby," Leslie Caron, John Kerr.

Aug. 6-7: *I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG*, revival; and "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien.

From Aug. 8: "That Certain Feeling," Bob Hope, Eva Marie Saint; and "The Scarlet Hour," Carol Ohmart, Tom Tryon.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)

Through Aug. 4: "The Searchers," John Wayne, Ward Bond; and "Our Miss Brooks," Eve Arden, Gale Gordon.

Aug. 5-6: "The Harder They Fall," Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger; and "Hot Blood," Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde.

Aug. 7-8: "D-Day, the Sixth of June," Robert Taylor, Richard Todd; and "Three for Jamie Dawn," Laraine Day, Ricardo Montalban.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

Aug. 2 (tentative): "Doctor at Sea," Dirk Bogarde, Brigitte Bardot.

Aug. 3-4 (tentative): "Love Is a Many-

NEIGHBORHOOD
HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones; and "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.

Aug. 5-7 (tentative): "The Searchers," John Wayne, Ward Bond.

From Aug. 8 (tentative): "The Harder They Fall," Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)

Through Aug. 4: "The Great Locomotive Chase," Fess Parker, Jeffrey Hunter; and "Secret of Treasure Mountain," Valerie French, Raymond Burr.

Aug. 5-7: "The Killing," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray; and "Nightmare," Edward G. Robinson, Kevin McCarthy.

From Aug. 8: "Safari," Victor Mature, Janet Leigh; and "The Cockleshell Heroes," José Ferrer, Trevor Howard.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

Through Aug. 5: "The Catered Affair," Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine; and "Gaby," Leslie Caron, John Kerr.

Aug. 6-7: *I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG*, revival; and "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien.

From Aug. 8: "That Certain Feeling," Bob Hope, Eva Marie Saint; and "The Scarlet Hour," Carol Ohmart, Tom Tryon.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)

Through Aug. 4: "Golden Demon" (in Japanese); and "My Seven Little Sins" (in French), Maurice Chevalier.

Aug. 5-6: *ANNIE GET YOUR GUN*, revival; and "Forbidden Planet," Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis.

Aug. 7-8: "Bhowani Junction," Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger; and "Stranger at My Door," Macdonald Carey, Patricia Medina.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through Aug. 4 (tentative): "The Searchers," John Wayne, Ward Bond.

Aug. 5-7 (tentative): *THE WINDOW*, revival; and "Cat People," revival, Simone Simon, Kent Smith.From Aug. 8 (tentative): *THE GRAPES OF WRATH*, revival; and "Tobacco Road," revival, Charley Grapewin.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

"Intermezzo," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)

Through Aug. 5: "The Catered Affair," Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine; and "Gaby," Leslie Caron, John Kerr.

Aug. 6-7: *I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG*, revival; and "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien.

From Aug. 8: "That Certain Feeling," Bob Hope, Eva Marie Saint; and "The Scarlet Hour," Carol Ohmart, Tom Tryon.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)

Through Aug. 4: "Golden Demon" (in Japanese); and "Too Bad She's Bad" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.

Aug. 5-7: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones; and "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.

From Aug. 8: "The Man with the Golden Arm," Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker; and "Queen Bee," revival, Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)

Through Aug. 4: "The Great Locomotive Chase," Fess Parker, Jeffrey Hunter; and "Secret of Treasure Mountain," Valerie French, Raymond Burr.

Aug. 5-7: "The Killing," Sterling Hayden,

Coleen Gray; and "Nightmare," Edward G. Robinson, Kevin McCarthy.

From Aug. 8: "Safari," Victor Mature, Janet Leigh; and "The Cockleshell Heroes," José Ferrer, Trevor Howard.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)

Through Aug. 4: "The Harder They Fall," Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger; and "Hot Blood," Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde.

Aug. 5-6: "Run for Cover," revival, James Cagney, Viveca Lindfors; and "Walk a Crooked Mile," revival, Louis Hayward, Dennis O'Keefe.

Aug. 7-8: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean; and "Pony Soldier," revival, Tyrone Power, Cameron Mitchell.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

PRIVATE'S PROGRESS.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)

"Bullfight," a documentary film.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

THE PHANTOM HORSE (in Japanese).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)

THE MOON IS BLUE, revival.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)

Through Aug. 5: *THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL* (in French and Spanish).

From Aug. 6: "The Doctors" (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)

Through Aug. 7: "The Catered Affair," Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine; and "Gaby," Leslie Caron, John Kerr.

From Aug. 8: "That Certain Feeling," Bob Hope, Eva Marie Saint; and "The Scarlet Hour," Carol Ohmart, Tom Tryon.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

Aug. 2: "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli; and Rossini's opera "Cinderella," revival. In Italian, with Fedora Barbieri.

Aug. 3: "Singing Angels" (in German), revival; and "Bel Ami" (in German), revival, Willy Forst.

Aug. 4: *BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS* (in Italian), revival; and "La Ronde" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Aug. 5: "Boris Godunov" (in Russian); and "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier.

Aug. 6: "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival; and "Life Begins Tomorrow" (in French), revival, an episodic film, with Jean Pierre Aumont, Jean-Paul Sartre, and André Gide.

Aug. 7: "Paris Affair" (in French), revival, Claude Dauphin; and "High Time" (in Italian), revival, Patrizia Mangano.

Aug. 8: *100 MEN AND A GIRL*, revival; and *CHAPLIN COMEDIES* (silent), revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)

Through Aug. 4: "D-Day, the Sixth of June," Robert Taylor, Richard Todd; and "Three for Jamie Dawn," Laraine Day, Ricardo Montalban.

Aug. 5-7: "The Killing," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray; and "Nightmare," Edward G. Robinson, Kevin McCarthy.

From Aug. 8: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)

Through Aug. 5: "The Catered Affair," Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine; and "Gaby," Leslie Caron, John Kerr.

Aug. 6-7: *I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG*, revival; and "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien.

From Aug. 8: "That Certain Feeling," Bob Hope, Eva Marie Saint; and "The Scarlet Hour," Carol Ohmart, Tom Tryon.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)

Through Aug. 4: "The Great Locomotive Chase," Fess Parker, Jeffrey Hunter; and "Secret of Treasure Mountain," Valerie French, Raymond Burr.

Aug. 5-7: "The Killing," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray; and "Nightmare," Edward G. Robinson, Kevin McCarthy.

From Aug. 8: "Safari," Victor Mature, Janet Leigh; and "The Cockleshell Heroes," José Ferrer, Trevor Howard.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)

Through Aug. 4: "The Great Locomotive Chase," Fess Parker, Jeffrey Hunter; and "Secret of Treasure Mountain," Valerie French, Raymond Burr.

Aug. 5-7: "The Killing," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray; and "Nightmare," Edward G. Robinson, Kevin McCarthy.

From Aug. 8: "Safari," Victor Mature, Janet Leigh; and "The Cockleshell Heroes," José Ferrer, Trevor Howard.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT'S hard to know just how things are going. The President feels good, Clare Luce feels good, Dick Nixon feels good, Chris Herter feels good, Hal Stassen feels good, we feel good, Puerto Rico has accelerated its program to lure new industries to the island, a panel of businessmen participating in a session of the fifty-fifth annual convention of the National Association of Music Merchants, in the New Yorker Hotel, has agreed that store sales of high-fidelity instruments will reach a



volume of more than half a billion dollars this year, Gulf Oil earnings are up fifty per cent, American Steel Foundries earnings are up a hundred and eighty-five per cent, but along comes G. A. Van Nosedall, a bookdealer of 126 East 123rd Street, in our mail, and says of Eugène Sue's "The Wandering Jew":

3 vols. 8 vo, original green cloth, uncut. London, 1844-1845. First Edition in English. Very good copy. Rare . . . \$20.00. Has fetched as high as \$40.00 to \$50.00 in good times.

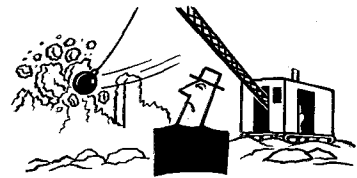
In good times! What in Tophet are we having? Should everything be *down* fifty per cent? Or a hundred and eighty-five per cent? Or are these just Sue's posthumous blues? Maybe Mr. Van Nosedall is too far uptown; the news hasn't reached him yet. Let him jump into the southbound I.R.T., cut a coupon and a caper, and fetch an accelerated smile.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, we went downtown to attend the rededication of City Hall. It was a delightful occasion, marred only by the fact that the many politicians on the pro-

gram wouldn't stop talking. Last week, we attended still another rededication—that of the Fountain of Abundance, more commonly known as the Pulitzer Fountain, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street. With the help of funds contributed by the Fifth Avenue Association and the Department of Parks, the fountain has just been restored to joyous, splashing life, after six long years of dreary dryness. We're glad to say that not a single gravel-voiced apostrophe to the People and to our Grand Heritage sneaked into the affair. Perhaps because a businessman was in charge, the ceremonies were modest and informal and lasted about ten minutes. Moreover, they were satisfying to behold. For a climax, a pretty blond actress named Sarah Marshall tossed a red rose into the fountain, bidding it gush forth again, and, wonderful to relate, no hidden plumbing faltered, no freshly caulked basin sprang an unexpected leak. Streams of sunlit water leaped at once from beneath the feet of the green bronze Ceres, goddess of plenty, and from high up in the surrounding buildings came the applause and cheers of a seemingly disembodied but not quite angelic host.

The rededication ceremonies had been set for noon, and, the weather being as fine as it was, we walked from our office to the fountain. These days, the walk is bittersweet, for the great stone forts of the Fifth Avenue of our youth are being daily pounded to bits and carted away, and in every load of rubble goes a measurable portion of our past. Again and again, to our dismay, it turns out that a building torn down is torn straight out of our memory. Take the buildings that stood on the western side of the Avenue between Fifty-second Street and Fifty-third Street, where the Tishmans are getting ready to put up a gigantic thirty-eight-story skyscraper; we walked by those buildings no telling how many thousands of times, and they have been gone a scant few months, yet for the life of us we couldn't tell you

what they looked like or who occupied them. What use or comfort is a memory so subject to demolition without notice? No wonder we wince when that wrecker's big steel ball swings hard against a wall and sends it sprawling. Down it goes, down we go. Our only consolation is to cherish the landmarks that remain (even the undistinguished ones: now that Sloane's is doomed, we begin to feel a fondness for that stodgy building) and to wrest certain adventi-



tious gains from our mounting losses. The Tishman site is at present a jagged crater, full of the dust of old bricks and dynamited rock, but looking north across the crater one gets an incomparable prospect of St. Thomas's. The church can be admired at its full, intricate length for the first time since it was built, and it will never show to such advantage again. Or, looking southeast across the crater from the doorway of the Museum of Modern Art, what a splendid view of the Parisian elegance of Cartier! Treasure that view, too, for it is just about to disappear.

When we reached Fifty-eighth Street and, through the thick leaves of the plane trees in the Plaza, caught our first glimpse of the goddess on her lofty perch, we thought gratefully that, for all her nakedness in so perverse a climate, she would last out our time. The rest of the Avenue might be incessantly destroyed and rebuilt, but surely this abounding girl would endure. Forty-one years old, but what are forty-one years to a goddess cast in bronze? It was safe to worship her, since she wouldn't be lost to us; wise to be present at what might be only one of her many rededications. Silently, as the rose was hurled and the jets of water fell in the white

basins and the sound of hands clapping came down out of the sky, we gave thanks to those who have cared to keep her beautiful.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: If, for any reason, you look up "table d'hôte" in "The Reader's Encyclopedia," you are advised to find out about it under "à la carte." There is no entry for "à la carte."

Our Own Baedeker

BHUTAN—accent on the second syllable—is one of the least-known countries on earth. Tucked away in a remote corner of the Himalayas, with Nepal to the west, Tibet to the north, Assam and Burma to the east, and India to the south, it made the newspapers a few weeks ago when its prime minister paid a fleeting visit to Nepal and announced that in the current struggle for power in Asia, Bhutan would just as soon not be on anybody's team. Since Bhutan has always been too poor to be much coveted by its more powerful neighbors, maybe he'll have his way. In spite of possessing a prime minister and other parliamentary trappings, Bhutan is largely a feudal country, presided over by a maharajah and an assortment of local lords called Penlops. You might think there was no connection between a tiny feudal fastness in the Himalayas and an Ivy League college, but you'd be wrong; the brother-in-law of the reigning maharajah attended Choate and is now at Cornell.

The name Bhutan is a contraction of the Sanskrit word *Bhotanta*, meaning "end of Bhot," and *Bhota* is Sanskrit for "Tibet." Bhutan has a fairly cloudy past. It's supposed to have been occupied during the seventeenth century by a tribe called the Cooch, which cleared out when a holy man arrived piping a tune on a human thigh bone and passing miracles. Most of the present Bhutanese have Tibetan blood, with a tincture of Nepalese. What happened to the holy man? For that matter, what happened to the thigh bone? Your guess is as good as ours. The bone may have been carved up into dice, which the Bhutanese love to shoot. The British became interested in Bhutan in the eighteenth century, and a treaty between Bhutan and the East India Company was concluded in 1774. A traveller of that day reported that the Bhutanese could be "charged with moral depravity of almost unplumbed depths." No bill of particulars, and the

accusation may have been pure spite, for at least one visiting Englishman had wet barley meal rubbed in his face by the Bhutanese at the high point of a native feast in his honor. England and Bhutan waged a little-noticed war in 1864, the upshot of which was that Bhutan ceded about five thousand of her twenty-three thousand square miles to England and the latter, in return for the land and a firm voice in Bhutanese foreign policy, paid the miniature state a small annual subsidy thereafter. In 1949, India took over from England as watchful uncle. It returned thirty-two square miles to Bhutan and pays an annual subsidy of around a hundred thousand dollars.

In Bhutan, the land rises steadily from south to north, and the men get steadily taller from east to west. Don't ask us why; they just do. In the hot southern section of the country, the rainfall is sometimes as much as three hundred inches a year, and the jungle is not only soaking wet but the devil to cut one's way through. Ninety miles to the north of this steaming, subtropical nightmare is a snowy, arctic nightmare—mountains whose peaks reach well above twenty thousand feet. Nobody knows how many Bhutanese there are, because nobody has ever troubled to count them. The best estimate is that they number around three hundred thousand. The majority of them are Buddhists. The country being too up-and-downhill for vehicles, the only wheels to be seen thereabouts are Buddhist prayer wheels, which are kept going like mad from morning to night. Among the flora of Bhutan are magnolias, rhododendrons, primulas, white roses, and holly oaks, and among the fauna are elephants, tigers, cheetahs, and barking deer. The chief crops are barley, buckwheat, mustard, rice, and millet. The Bhutanese produce excellent cloth, and are noted for their skill at working iron and weaving tapestries. Their *murwa*, a beer made of millet flavored with saffron, is also highly praised, for both quality and strength. It used to be the custom to place a mug of *murwa* by the grave of anyone

known to have been a heavy drinker. A pity to let old customs die.

OVERHEARD on the north side of Washington Square, voice from a basement: "He's writing a best-seller aimed at all the people who don't read best-sellers."

Chicago's Loss

THE oldest floor member of the New York Stock Exchange, the oldest member of the Chicago Board of Trade, and the oldest man we have buttonholed of late is Elick Lowitz, who was ninety last Christmas Eve. We visited him, by appointment, in his apartment, on East Fifty-seventh Street, and found him sitting in an armchair in his bathrobe and bare feet, a short, powerfully built man with a craggy profile. He looked up from the financial section of the *Times*, which he had been reading through a magnifying glass. "I'm usually at my office every day, and on the floor of the Exchange," he said in a deep, booming voice. "Fell down while waiting for the elevator in this building a while ago and cracked a couple of ribs. I was born in St. Paul, Minnesota. My father was brought to New York from Austria by his parents, and in his youth went on the road as a singer in an opera company. He later travelled around the country selling Falcon pens. He went to California during the gold rush, bought a hundred teams of horses, and had a store outside of Sacramento. He moved to St. Paul in 1859 and opened a cigar store, but he couldn't sell any cigars. He gave all the cigars away and went into the fur business. He made money in it, bought eighteen acres in the center of town, sold them at a profit, and moved us—I had four sisters and two brothers—to St. Louis, and then to Poplar Bluff, in southeast Missouri, where he lost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of furs in a fire. He then became a manufacturer of oval picture frames in Chicago, got burned out in the Chicago Fire, and moved to Milwaukee, where my uncle, Nathan Engleman, who married my mother's sister, was the largest lumber dealer in the state. Father went back into the fur business, and in 1878 again moved to Chicago, where he bought a tannery. In 1887, he moved to Denver, where he became a brick manufacturer. He manufactured a million bricks in 1891. He went broke in the panic of 1893 and lost everything he had."

"How about you?" we asked.



"I went through high school in Chicago," Mr. Lowitz said, "and then got a job in my Uncle Wolf Londoner's grocery store, in Denver—the biggest one there. Presently, I became a settling clerk for a commodity house in Chicago, and then a wheat trader for my own account. In 1904, I established my own firm. At one time, I had one of the largest grain businesses in Chicago. J. Ogden Armour was my dearest friend. I was the Armours' broker in the wheat pit for many years. One day, I went to Armour's office and asked for a loan. He rang a bell on his desk and a man came in. 'Give Mr. Lowitz two hundred and fifty thousand dollars,' Armour said. The next day, I told him I needed fifty thousand more. He rang the bell and said, 'Give Mr. Lowitz fifty thousand dollars.'"

Mr. Lowitz paused to smile.

"More," we said.

"I got into the stock business," he said, "and had eighteen offices—in Chicago, Missouri, Nebraska, and Wisconsin. I organized a bank in Cassopolis, Michigan, where I had, and still have, a fifteen-hundred-acre country place. Largest apple orchard in Cass County. I had so much stock business I couldn't get service in Chicago, so in 1927 I sent my son Jack—John J.—to New York to open an office. I joined him two years later. He and his son, William H., also have seats on the New York Stock Exchange. It's the only time in its history that three generations have been members at the same time. In addition to belonging to the Stock Exchange, I'm a member of the Produce Exchange, the Commodity Exchange, and the Cotton Exchange, an associate member of the American Stock Exchange here, and a member of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, the Midwest Stock Exchange, and the Chicago Board of Trade. My wife, who was born in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and I were married in Chicago in 1896. She died at eighty, after fifty-three years of marriage. I get out to Cassopolis every summer."

"Hobbies?" we asked.

"I used to follow the Notre Dame



"I don't know how long we'll be able to hold on to her. She's up to sixteen thousand dollars now."

football team around the country," he said. "I smoked for seventy years and gave it up five years ago. Never missed it a particle."

Know How, Not Why

A CORRESPONDENT of ours, now resident in Oaxaca, Mexico, decided that his ranch house wouldn't be complete without a large fireplace. He got a local mason in, and together they walked through his living room, the mason making all kinds of calculations, at our correspondent's suggestion. "Now, can you do the job?" asked our man. "Of course," the mason announced confidently. "But what is this to be used for?"

Pioneers

THE United States Universities court-tennis team, a group of eight undergraduates from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania, recently left this country, by air, for a five-week tour of England

and France, and we had a talk, just before their departure, with the man who engineered this pioneering junket—James H. Van Alen, a three-times national court-tennis champion and frequent runner-up to Ogden Phipps for the title. Mr. Van Alen, who is an implausibly youthful fifty-three and still a hard man to beat at singles, began to worry a few years ago over the fact that so little opportunity existed in this country for teen-agers to take up court tennis. (This ancient and complicated game, which is played on an indoor court that is a hundred and ten feet long and has a roof thirty feet high, is the ancestor of ordinary tennis.) "I decided to try to get the game on the right track, after it had been on the wrong track since 1876, when the first modern court was built in this country, in Boston," Mr. Van Alen said. "The predisposition of court-tennis players was to keep to themselves, instead of going out and making it a national game. I wanted to get it back to where it was in Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when there were



"He made it himself, and it's the last thing he ever made."

over fifteen hundred courts in the Paris area alone. Today, there are only about fifty active courts in the world, and we have only seven in this country, none of them at colleges—two at the New York Racquet Club, one at the Boston Racquet Club, one at the Philadelphia Racquet Club, one at the Tuxedo Club, one at Aiken, run as a small club, and Jock Whitney's private court, at Manhasset. The Racquet Clubs don't take members under twenty-one, but I've persuaded them to extend court-tennis privileges to promising youngsters. I got the idea four or five years ago when I was playing squash racquets with a young boy at Yale. I took him to the Whitney court and gave him a few pointers, and he did so well so fast that I said to myself, 'The tocsin has sounded. We'll put on a match between Yale and Princeton.' I wanted to bring in Harvard, too, but when I called up the Boston Racquet Club and asked, 'Can't you let Harvard boys play on your court?' they said no. Well, I arranged to have the Whitney and New York Racquet Club courts made available to some Yale undergraduates, and my brother, William L. Van Alen, who is chairman of the racquets, tennis, and squash committee of the Philadelphia Racquet Club, did the same thing there for Princeton. The first Yale-Princeton match was held in

New York in 1954. Yale won, two to one. Harvard thereupon challenged Yale. The Boston Racquet Club thereupon opened its court to Harvard. The challenge match was held at the Whitney court; Yale won, four to three. Two matches involving the three colleges have been held in New York since then; Harvard won both times. All right. Oxford and Cambridge have been playing the game for decades—I first took it up when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge—and last summer, when I was at Wimbledon, I suggested to the English court-tennis people that some of our undergraduates come over and play some of their undergraduates. This bore fruit."

The fruit is the present tour, which Mr. Van Alen and his wife are shepherding. "From Harvard, we have Nicholas Ludington, Randall Hackett, John Mortimer, and Eddie Harding," he said. "From Yale, George Unhoch, an extraordinarily good player, and my nephew James L. Van Alen II. From the University of Pennsylvania, William L. Van Alen, Jr., another nephew, and from Princeton, George Reindel. I think we've arranged a nice trip. Lord Salisbury, the head of the Cecil family, has invited us to try out his court at Hatfield House. We're also playing at Hampton Court Palace, where Henry the Eighth's court, built in 1529, is still

in use. Henry liked the game because the ball comes back to you. Lady Mary Burghley has asked us to a dance. We'll play at Oxford, Cambridge, and the Queen's Club, in London, and end up at the Jeu de Paume, at Versailles."

We asked about the expense of building a court, and Mr. Van Alen said, "I think you can construct one for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. People say it's a rich man's game, but I don't agree. The balls last from fifty to a hundred years. Lawn-tennis balls wear out in a few days. A court-tennis racket costs twenty dollars and lasts a lot longer than a lawn-tennis racket, which costs twenty-five dollars and is sure to break. Did you know that the Baring family

has a roofless court on an island off the coast of Ireland? We're not getting to that one, but we *are* playing at one of Sir Charles Rose's courts. The first Sir Charles built a court a quarter mile from his house sixty or seventy years ago. He found it difficult to get to in rainy weather, so he built another one a hundred yards from his house. They knew how to do things in the old days."

HIGHWAY sign in Ontario: "Ontario, second largest province in Canada but twice as big as Texas."

Cretaceous Show

THESE are dog days, but the Museum of Natural History is sailing right along, and has just opened Tyrannosaur Hall, a newly designed salon for Cretaceous dinosaurs. We inspected it the other day in the company of the man largely responsible for it—Dr. Edwin H. Colbert, the Museum's curator of fossil reptiles and amphibians. "It's the old Cretaceous Hall refurbished," he said. "We had these big dinosaurs already, but we've worked them over, rearranged them, relabelled everything, put in new diagrams, painted the woodwork green where it used to be mahogany, and, I think, now exhibit things in a far more effective fashion. It's taken

over a year. You won't find as comprehensive a display of Cretaceous dinosaurs anywhere else in the world. We have two dinosaur halls. Our Jurassic dinosaurs are in Brontosaur Hall, down the corridor. This was done over three years ago, and I then began to squawk to the director about doing over the Cretaceous ones. He agreed. Albert E. Parr. A splendid director. Makes everything hum around the Museum."

Dr. Colbert began to hum himself, contentedly, and we strolled about the hall, which looks elegant. On one big base in the middle are mounted two trachodont skeletons, one tyrannosaur skeleton, and one triceratops—all of them late dinosaurs that once lived together in western North America.

"We named the hall after the tyrannosaur because it's the largest land-living carnivore of all time," Dr. Colbert said. "The brontosaur is larger, but it's not carnivorous. The killer whale is larger, but it's not land-living. Our tyrannosaur is forty-seven feet long and eighteen and a half feet high. Do you like the daylight light in this room? We're going to put nice curtains on the windows, take out those old basket lights hanging from the ceiling, and set modern lights in the ceiling. I rewrote all the labels. It was quite a job."

We admired a bunch of horned dinosaurs along the south wall and a series of fourteen skulls of one genus of them—Protocera-tops—showing growth from infancy to mature dinosaurhood. "A Museum expedition collected them in Outer Mongolia in 1922 and 1923," Dr. Colbert said. "That area is practically closed to us now; it's behind the Iron Curtain. I understand the Russians are making quite a dinosaur collection. Ours is by far the biggest dinosaur collection in the world—twenty-four complete, or nearly complete, skeletons in this hall, and eleven in the other. Not counting skulls and sections, of course."

Dr. Colbert's labels struck us as a triumphant handling of

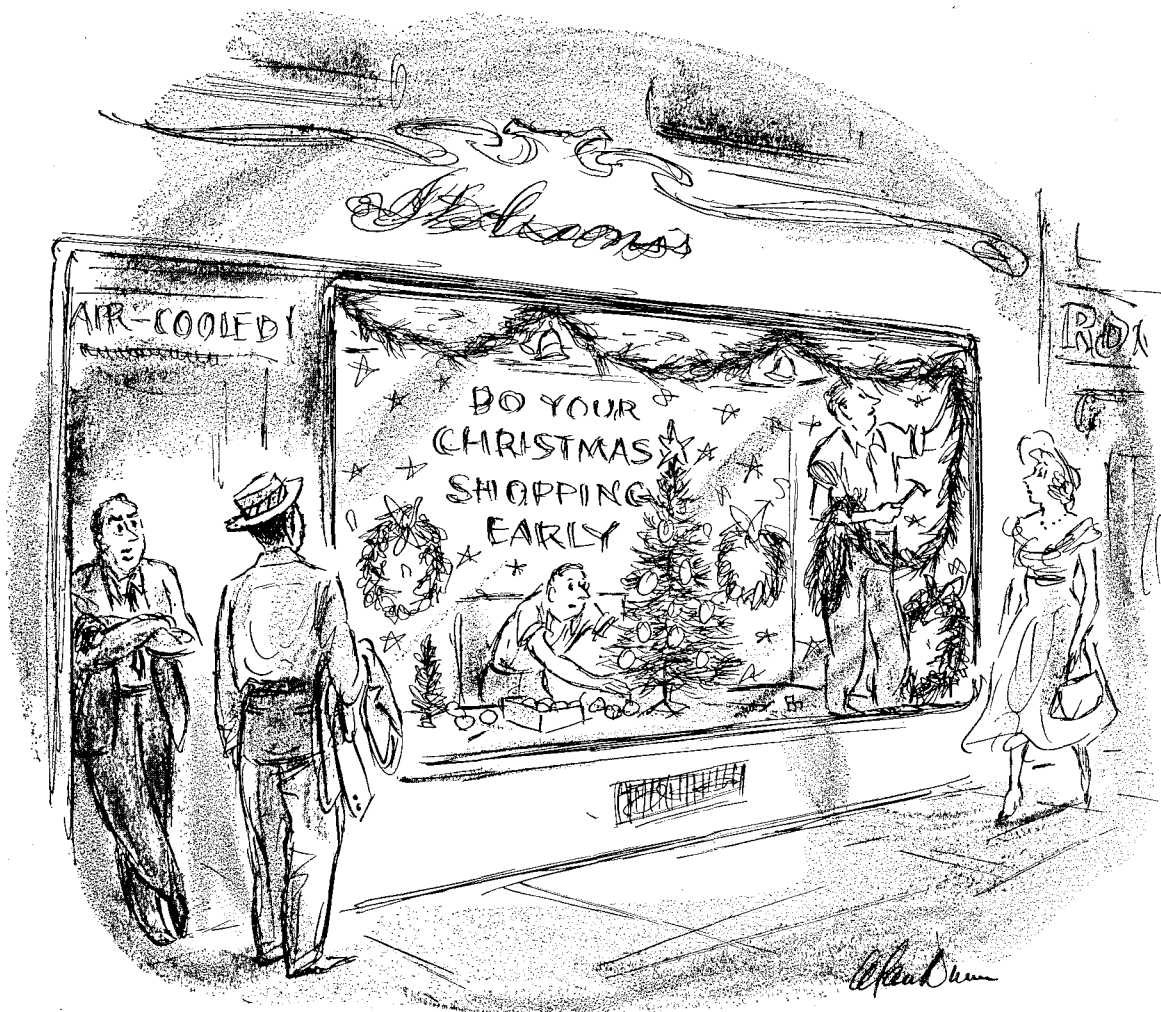
rather difficult material: "This camp-tosaur illustrates the generalized ornithopod type from which the later duck-billed dinosaurs evolved. . . . The hind feet are broad, and terminate in blunt ungual phalanges that in life were probably covered with hoof-like nails. . . . Some distinctive characteristics of the Rhamphorhynchoids are the long reptilian tail with well developed teeth." We asked him where he had been educated and how he got his start.

"Born in Clarinda, Iowa, in 1905," he said. "Southwest corner of the state. Father a college teacher. When I was less than a year old, he moved to Maryville, Missouri, to teach math at a normal school, which became Northwest Missouri State Teachers College. I grew up in the country. Roamed in the woods. Got interested in forestry. Went to State Teachers, and in summer vacation of freshman year got a job with the Arapahoe National Forest, in Colorado, on the western slope of the Rockies. Built and repaired trails, travelling by pack horse. Junior year, switched to the University of Nebraska, where one of my two older brothers was teaching. I transferred there because I'd

got interested in fossils and the University had a first-class fossil museum. After graduating, I became an assistant in the museum. Columbia three years later, on a fellowship. Master's degree, Ph.D. Eased into the Natural History Museum as a student assistant in 1930. Assistant curator, 1933. Present job since 1943. I'm also professor of vertebrate paleontology at Columbia. My students come here for seminars three times a week. My wife and I and our five sons live in Leonia, New Jersey. I don't like living so near the metropolitan area, but institutions like this occur only in big centers of population, so that's what you're up against."

All's Well

A COUPLE we know stepped out for the evening last week, leaving their nine- and eleven-year-old sons in the charge of their oldest boy, aged fifteen and named Jack. When they came home, around two in the morning, they found the younger children sound asleep and the following note on the empty bed of the monitor: "Don't worry about me. I'm in the hospital. Jack."



"There's no law against it, is there?"

THE POODLE, THE SUPERNATURAL, MR. WILSON, MR. TATOS, AND MY MOTHER

WHEN my parents took me to stay with Cousin Ursula, I was not told that her house was reputed to be one of the best-haunted houses in Ireland. Cousin Ursula was my first cousin twice removed—removed, that is, by two generations—and as I was seven at the time, I daresay they thought I was not ripe for ghosts. We spent three weeks at Castle Pink; most of the time it rained, and this blurred my impressions, for one wet day in a large country house in which you are the only child is much like another. How the gooseberries were arranged for dessert is perhaps what I remember most clearly, and the butler's tense, pale face as he set the edifice on the table. This needed concentration and a steady hand, for they were arranged on a wide, long-stemmed platter, first a pavement of red gooseberries, then a pavement, one gooseberry less in diameter, of green gooseberries, and so on in a diminishing striped red-and-green cone till the summit was topped off with a single gooseberry, red or green as came uppermost. Whether this was a traditional Irish way of arranging gooseberries or whether Cousin Ursula had ordained it because she liked that kind of Italian architecture, I can't say; I have never seen its like elsewhere, and I have never had enough large, smooth, princely gooseberries to imitate it myself. I remember, too, with deep affection and intimacy, a sedan chair that I spent a great deal of my time in. All children like dens, most children like sumptuousness, and I lurked in the sedan chair, delightfully conscious that the outside of my den was gilded and painted, and that its inside was padded, dusky, and smelled both mildewy and aromatic. The sedan chair stood in a hall as wide as a church nave, and one winter night (as I was told long after) rats moved it half across the floor, while other rats rang every bell in the house and trampled like the constabulary.

I have never sat in a sedan chair since. When we were on our way home and the boat began to move down the Liffey, my mother exclaimed, "Never again, George! Never, never again!" For though she had been spared the Red Room, which was so notorious that only the toughest bachelors or

chance members of the Royal Family were expected to sleep in it, and though the Blue Room had challenged her with nothing more positive than a noise like a horse, she said, sighing its heart out, invisible hands sporting with her hair-brushes, and half a dozen barefooted men wrestling in the adjacent dressing room, she had been cowed by the general mood of acquiescent panic that prevailed through the house; by the fact that the housemaid bringing hot-water cans or what not to the bedroom was always two housemaids, clinging to each other; that guests came down to breakfast looking as though they had been dragged through hell backward; that conversations were kept going not merely with the usual social obligation to keep up talk but desperately, as if a silence were an invocation to Pandemonium; that everyone went about glancing behind him, listening with one ear for something unspecified, showing strong reluctance to move about the house alone and abject panic at the prospect of going to bed—everyone, that is, except Cousin Ursula. She herself looked like a spectre, but the spectre of a camel, for she was extremely tall and thin and walked with a camel's swaying rawboned gait. Rats, according to her, accounted for half of it, and the other half was no more than one would expect in a country that had been mismanaged for centuries. For she was absorbed, as only an Englishwoman could be, in doing her duty to Ireland. She studied the Irish language, bought tweeds, and brooches of the target-like proportions associated with what was then called the Celtic Twilight, encouraged creameries, combatted tuberculosis, and scoured the land on a bicycle, lecturing about open windows and Home Rule.

Though we evaded any more visits to her particularly inspissated twilight ("... and make it a good *long* stay, for if the crossing makes Sylvia sick, it would not be worth your while to come for a mere week"), we met whenever she came to London. She usually came over during an Abbey Theatre London season, because it was restful to sit among an audience that felt no religious or patriotic call to riot in the pit, and she and my mother sometimes went out and hunted antiques together. It was



a combination of antiques, finances, and rheumatism that finally persuaded her to spend a couple of years in Italy while Castle Pink was let to some profitable salmon fisher who might feel inclined to mend the roof. As such people always break everything they touch, the best of the furniture was to be distributed among museums and relations: would we mind housing a chair?

It was not, alas, the sedan chair—though by then I had outgrown the Den Age. It was a black oak armchair, of the type called Elizabethan, or, less specifically, massy, with an upright back and a great deal of carving—a stately object, and not altogether as uncomfortable as it looked. Though it was a great deal more stately than we were, and had a marked appearance of being itself well aware of this, and of stiffly moping over what a harsh fate had done to it, by the time my mother had revised her drawing room, and led up to it with a Persian rug, and got rid of the old settee, and bought a more serious-minded wastepaper basket, it looked, we agreed, very creditable, and by no means as large as when first unpacked. Unfortunately, we had a poodle.

While the chair was still approaching us in its packing case, my mother had said, "One thing is categorical. We cannot have the poodle sleeping in it. God knows how we shall discourage him, but discouraged he must be." Our poodle combined a soft heart and an iron will, to a degree that only a hero of some popular Edwardian novel could have equalled, and it was plain from my mother's words that she was already laying some of the onus of discouragement on an all-powerful God, so that if the poodle slept in Cousin Ursula's chair, my mother would not be the only one to blame. No blame was incurred by either contracting party. When the armchair had been installed, and three or four cushions thrown into it to allay its aspect of sombre reluctance to settle down with us, the poodle was called in while my mother stood by in an easy, nonchalant attitude, looking categorical. The poodle caught sight of the chair, stopped dead, and shuddered to his foundations. Still shuddering, he cringed backward to the farthest corner of the room. "It must seem quite enormous to him," said my mother. She spoke with her usual easy infallibility, but against the deepening background of the poodle's discouragement she sounded like a wren singing under a thundercloud. When the poodle abruptly hurled him-

self against the door, my father kindly let him out.

FOR some days, the poodle went on sitting just inside the door, even during teatime, but he gave up shuddering, and seemed resigned to snatching his piece of cake out of the air instead of getting it from my mother's hand. After a week or so, he even persuaded himself that there was no harm in coming as far as the hearthrug. It was from the hearthrug that he suddenly rose up one wet afternoon and advanced, walking slowly on stiff legs and growling under his breath, till he was almost within touching distance of the armchair. There he remained, his head stretched forward, his legs braced for attack, snuffing, and exhaling each snuff on a growl. I remarked to my mother that the chair seemed to be getting larger again. She replied briskly that it was a sad fate to have a daughter with adenoids. Hadn't I noticed that the chair, like everything else in that awful house, smelled of mildew? Naturally on a wet day like this the smell was stronger, so no wonder the poor dog objected to it. But whether she was defending the poodle or that handsome piece of furniture she was now embroidering a squab cushion for, I do not know. Neither of us felt inclined to interrupt the poodle. He was officially gentle as a lamb, but he was larger than a lamb. When he had finished inhaling the smell of Castle Pink and saying what he thought of it, he came back to the hearthrug and lay down, looking as those do who have done their duty, however unavailingly—baffled, that is to say, and residually morose.

All this became quite a regular performance of his, and my mother took some pride in it. Like the chair itself, it was not the sort of thing you would find in every house. When people came to see us, they were told that it might happen while they were there, and if it did happen, if the night-blooming cereus opened its petals before their eyes, they were expected to enjoy it. It made no difference to the poodle, as my moth-

er proudly insisted, whether or no the chair had someone sitting in it. He did not growl because he might presently bite, he hadn't a bellicose thought about him; he was more psychic than usual poodles, that was all. To show the truth of this, she would sit down on the lap of the ghost, or the mildew, or whatever it was that the poodle took exception to so interestingly, and, paying her no attention whatsoever, he would keep up his hallucinated objurgations. It was blood-curdling. It was, indeed, more blood-curdling, being less explicit, than my mother's accounts of staying at Castle Pink. But these also helped to entertain our duller visitors and to endear the chair. By the time she had finished embroidering its squab cushion, it was so deeply endeared that she had begun to think how empty her life and the poodle's would be when the time came for it to go back to Ireland. And what decided her to commission that flapped young Mr. Wilson to make one of his charcoal ghouls of her (Mr. Wilson was fresh from studying with Herkomer) was the realization that his strenuous technique would be perfect

for the chair. So she would sit for her portrait in it, with the devoted poodle at her feet. Possibly the poodle's devotion would not stretch quite so far as this, but Mr. Wilson could easily make a separate study of him and put it in where it was wanted, like the Old Masters.

Having settled all this with the artist, she turned her energies to the next undertaking she had in mind, which was orange gin. A dozen wide-mouthed, high-shouldered jars were bought, heaven knows how many oranges and how much rock candy, and two dozen bottles of gin—to be on the safe side—and carried up to what our house painter misguidedly referred to as Mrs. Warner's boudoir. (And when I think of the price of gin in those enskied days, I wonder how anyone of my generation can have the courage to write reminiscences.) I was breaking rock candy with a little mallet, my mother was humming "*Ouvre tes yeux bleus, ma mignonne*" and packing her jars, the poodle was chewing the little tags of string the sugar had candied on, when a servant



"You can't fire me. I work for the firm across the hall."

came in to say that Mr. Wilson was in the drawing room.

"Drat the man! Of course he would be punctual," said my mother. "Sylvia, wash your hands and go down and entertain him while I just finish this jar and make myself presentable. Make some excuse or other. Wash them thoroughly!"

Mr. Wilson rose from the haunted chair as I entered. I begged him to be seated, and explained that my mother always lay down after lunch and was lying down now, but would come in a moment. How we got round from that to the Rokeby Venus, I do not recollect, but there was ample time to get there by any route, for a quarter of an hour had gone by before my mother came in, looking presentable, followed by the devoted poodle (who had also been made presentable, by the rapid running of a comb through his tufts), and moving in an aura of gin.

Again Mr. Wilson rose from the haunted chair; again he sank back into it. As he did so, the poodle rushed forward and clenched his teeth in what happened to be Mr. Wilson's trousers but might just as well have been Mr. Wilson's leg. Seizing him by his newly combed tufts, my mother and I dragged him away. My mother said it was unforgivable. Mr. Wilson said it was nothing, poor old boy, nothing. My mother reiterated that it was unforgivable, that she would have to speak to him severely, that her only consolation was that it would supply a job for dear Mrs. Hooper, who smocked and fine-darned though she was over eighty, and really Mr. Wilson should do a drawing of her—such wrinkles! Mr. Wilson said that he couldn't think of such a thing but that he really must meet Mrs. Hooper; Herkomer had taught him what one can find in wrinkles. He was about to sit down again when my mother tactfully diverted him toward the sofa, explaining that nothing was further from the poodle's natural disposition than to attack people; he was gentle as a lamb. It was the chair he attacked, for undoubtedly he saw some kind of ghost in it; the chair had come from a house in Ireland, etc. "But sit anywhere else," she concluded, "and he won't harm a hair of your head."

Mr. Wilson sat down on the sofa. The poodle rushed at him again, and bit him in the calf of the leg.

HOW Mr. Wilson got away in his trousers from my mother I really cannot say. But he did, and forgave us, and added her to his Ghouls'

SANDPIPERS

In the small territory and time
Between one wave and the next, they run
Down the beach and back, eating things
Which seem, conveniently for them,
To surface only when the sand gets wet.
Small, dapper birds, they make me think
Of commuters seen, say, in an early movie,
Where the rough screen wavers, where the light
Jerks and seems to rain; of clockwork dolls
Set going on the sidewalk, drawing a crowd
Beside the newsstand at five o'clock, their legs
Black toothpicks, their heads nodding at nothing.
But this comedy is based upon exact
Perceptions, and delicately balanced
Between starvation and the sea—
Though sometimes I have seen one slip and fall
From either the undertow or greed
And have to get up in the wave's open mouth,
Still eating. I have never seen
One caught; if necessary, he spreads his wings,
With the white stripe, and flutters rather than flies
Out to begin eating again at once.
Now they are over every outer beach,
Procrastinating steadily southward
In endlessly local comings and goings.

Whenever a flock of them takes flight
And flies with the beautiful unison
Of banners in the wind, they are
No longer funny. It is their courage,
Meaningless as the word is when compared
With their thoughtless precisions, that strikes
Me when I watch them hidden and revealed
Between two waves, lost in the sea's
Lost color as they distance me—flying
From winter already, while I
Am in August. When suddenly they turn
In unison, all their bellies shining
Like mirrors white with flashing signals
I cannot read, I wish them well.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

Gallery. She did not sit to him in the chair, however. Analyzing the affair of Mr. Wilson's leg, she saw clearly what had gone wrong. Mr. Wilson should never have sat in it as if he had done it for weeks, as if it belonged to him. The poodle resented this as an impiety. You couldn't blame the poor animal for that; he was expressing his dumb version of a religious conviction, and was no worse than the Salvation Army or the Crusaders.

"Better than the Crusaders," said my father. "They slaughtered a whole

zoo in Constantinople and ate most of it."

"Did they really? The fiends! And then they go and lie on their backs in the Temple Church with their legs crossed, looking as smug as pork pies. Hypocrites!"

"Zealots, zealots," said my father soothingly. "Zealots are not always rational. What are you going to do about the chair—move it to the boxroom?"

"Move that splendid chair to the boxroom? And let loose all its ghosts or whatever they are to rage as they please in the attics? No, no! If there is a ghost in that chair, I'll keep it under my eye."

"Very well, my dear. But people will sit in it."

"No, they won't! I'll soon put a stop to anything of the sort. Look—isn't





"No, I don't know of any children's camp around here. Why?"

it a lovely color? I remembered in the night that I had it put away in a drawer." My mother displayed several yards of heavy velvet ribbon, in her favorite shade of rose color; and while we were still about to say that we didn't think the poodle would take to rose-colored trappings, she looped it from one arm of the chair to the other and tied the ends in one of her inimitable bows.

"There! Just like the Victoria and Albert."

Apparently the ribbon had some sort

of exorcising effect for the poodle, for he paid no more attention to the chair, except when he rubbed his fleas against its carved legs. But other people coming into the room seemed taken aback. For a while, my mother remembered to explain; afterward, they were left to think it out for themselves.

IT was during one of her excursions to the Victoria and Albert Museum that my mother fell into conversation with a Mr. Tatos, who was admiring

a mazer that she also admired. A man, and a connoisseur, he would have been whirled into subjection even if she had not known a mazer from a milk bowl; he asked her to go on with him to Christie's salesroom, and after that gave her tea at Barbellion's. Mr. Tatos's knowledge of antiques and works of art had awed and delighted my mother (she was, indeed, extremely humble and ready to learn whenever there was not a prior obligation to teach, direct, ordain, spring-clean, and generally keep



"They got the air-conditioner!"

us in order); she ordered *crème brûlée* when he came to lunch. Mr. Tatos was a gliding, insubstantial man, dressed, with what my mother's French fashion paper called *une élégance discrète*, in a dark-brown suit and a mulberry-colored tie. He had dark-rimmed eyes and a husky voice, and he looked at my mother as though he were an intensely musical cobra listening to the snake charmer's flute. As he entered the room, he caught sight of the chair (one could not avoid doing so), and he, too, appeared to shudder, though the shudder was suppressed. Then, much as the poodle had done, he went into a corner of the room, where he looked for some time at an oil painting.

"Mmm," he said, a sad, soft, mewling sound. "That's a very nice little Pater you've got there. I shouldn't think it's ever been taken out of that frame, either. Lovely, lovely!"

"It belonged to my grandfather," said she. "But I don't think he thought much of it."

"Mmmmm," said Mr. Tatos, mewling even more wistfully. "What a grandfather! Had a Pater in an original frame, thought nothing of it, never sent

it to be skinned by a restorer, never had the frame brightened up with a lick of gold paint. What a grandfather! I never had grandfathers like that. That's a dear little bit of Capo di Monte. Very typical."

"Is that Capo di Monte?"

After some valuable hints on Capo di Monte, Mr. Tatos paused before one of my mother's water colors, saying that it was a nice piece of color, and that he could see she understood brown madder. He also had some flattering things to say about a cameo, about the fire irons, about a teapot that was certainly Lowestoft, about a bowl that was certainly wasn't, but was interesting, yes, very interesting. While my mother edged him up the room toward the chair, he, like the artist he was, reserved his moment of acclamation, delaying to say kind words about the meaner beauties of the drawing room. Even when she had got him right up to the chair, he broke back for another study of the bowl that wasn't Lowestoft—Longton Hall, perhaps, mmm, and it looked to him as if it had once had a cover; had she noticed the little traces of wear on its rim? She'd see

them very plainly if she'd use his magnifying glass. Did this come from the grandfather, too? Bought it at an old-clothes shop in Lichfield? Had she indeed? He must congratulate her. Three and sixpence? Gracious heavens!

"Take care of it," he said beseechingly. "I shouldn't keep those nutcrackers in it if I were you. Really I shouldn't."

Brought face to face with the chair, he put his magnifying glass back in his pocket. He looked at it. It seemed to me that he was more attentive to the bow than to anything else. Be that as it may, he looked at the chair, and such was his control that the only sign of emotion that escaped him was a faint twiddling of his fingers.

"Did you buy this?" he asked, and his voice was sombre.

"No. It isn't even ours. We're just looking after it."

"Thank God!" It was as if the cobra had come out of its trance and spoken like a human being. "Thank God, I say! After that bowl you bought for three and sixpence, it would have broken my heart to think that anyone had sold you this mausoleum. Fifty years old at the most, and made in Belgium, at that."

"I had doubts about it myself," said my mother. He gave her another glance of devoted admiration, but this time it was plainly as from one cobra to another. Then we went in to lunch.

AS soon as my mother could arrange for it (and she moved with speed when she wished to), the armchair, with all its supernatural associations but minus the rose-colored velvet ribbon, went to a furniture repository. There was a little discussion between my father and my mother as to whether or not it should be insured, and if so, for how much. My father got his way; it was insured from Cousin Ursula's point of view, not Mr. Tatos's. This was fortunate, for within a month's time a fire broke out in the repository, and the chair was consumed. That is not quite the end of the story; many years later, Castle Pink, built of stone, uninhabited, and standing in one of the wettest parts of Ireland, set itself on fire and was burned to the ground. No one will believe this, and no importance attaches to anyone's belief or disbelief. But it is true. —SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

I WOULDN'T BE YOUR PARTNER IF YOU CAME BEGGIN' ME ON YOUR TWO BENT KNEES!

PLEASE, Gussie, don't gimme that "Guess-who's-on-the-wire?" bit.

This here happens to be a nawfice—namely, the Benny Greenspan Agency—and I don't like it when my privitt seckatary comes bargin' in and wants I should play guessin' games. Look, you gonna tell me who's on the wire, Gussie, or must I get on my hind horse and personally pick up the phone and get the infimination all by myself? ... Who? ... Well, fa cryin' out loud, that *is* a big supprise! ...

Hello? Artie! Artie, you old bastid, when did you blow inna town? ... You don't say! So tell me, kid, how long you plannin' to stay here in Hollywood? ... Oney two days? What kind crummy flesh peddler you got representin' you whereby you get a measly two-day deal? ... Oh, I see. You're just dispensin' your things from storitch and then flyin' right back again? ... Ah, ha, I get it! Well, I don't blame you, Artie. The way current conditions are today, you're better off not workin' in New York than not workin' in this town, which, believe me, is strickly from hunger. A regella morgue, believe me!

Artie, you won't hardly reckonize this place compared like it was years ago. Why, years ago evvey studio was knockin' out maybe fordy, fiddy featchis a year, and I, personally, useta be busier than a one-eyed paperhanger, sellin' properties here, properties there, and placin' me my clients on long-term contracts whereby all I hadda do was just sit back and that dough would come rollin' in hand over foot. Why, in the olden days a person could go way to Pomm Springs the week-end and relax theirselves nice and easy. Today, you know how you relax today? Pills! Artie, you never seen such a pill-happy town like we got today, whereby evveybody's turned hisself into a regella drug attic. In the mornin' you simply gotta take a

Spansule Dexedrine to keep your peepers wide open, and comes nighttime and you wish to hit the sack, you gotta swally a Miltown, else you wind up whereby the sheep, they're countin' you.

And sometimes, even when things are good, they're no good, too. Now, I'm a person who happens not to believe in that carnation stuff—you know, the Birdie Murphy bit—but I sure musta done somethin' wrong in my previous life, else why should hard luck keep Hooverin' over me alla time? Look, kid, if you got a couple minutes to spare, I want you should listen to this, and then you tell me if I'm entitled to a beef or not.

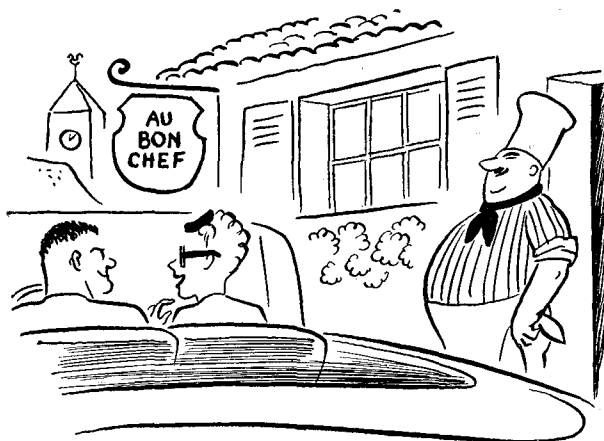
ABOUT, oh, I'd say five, six months ago this was, there I am, I'm sittin' in my awfice and I'm reviewin' my list—the clients I got—and I'm goin'

over the entire situation with a fine tooth. I figger, here I am, I'm representin' some very fine names, talentwise. The oney trouble is a lotta my people, they're not workin'. Why? There's simply no activity. Evvey studio I been to, it's so quiet you could pick up a pin. So what's the result? The result is evvey single week I got a couple clients who are desertin' me like rats from a drownin' ship. Not good, believe me. So there I am, sittin' with my face at half-mass, wonderin' why I stuck to the flesh-peddlin' game. "Benny," I'm sayin' to myself, "you're a dope. You're a first-class cluck. Just lookit what's happened to some of them agents who started out along about the same time's you—guys like Harold Hecht, Charlie Feldman, Leland Hayward. You know where they are today?" I says to myself. "They are independint producers, occupyin' a prominent notch in the industry, whereas you, you cloth-head, what are you occupyin'?" A reserved



"Do you suppose there could be something wrong over toward Ridgefield?"

1.



seat right smack behind the eight ball!" And while I'm sittin' there, maulin' things over along them lines, my door opens and in comes Gussie, my seckatary, and she informs me Flag Fulton is outside, and he wishes he should see me.

Now, I don't hafta explain you who Flag Fulton is. None other than one of the hottest stars in the business today—a livin' gold mine, that's all. A couple more clients from the similar ilk like Flag and, believe me, I'd have one great big headache removed offa my hands. Anyways, I tells Gussie to send him in, which she does, and in comes Flag lookin' very spit and spat, and, Artie, he's grinnin' from one ear to his other.

"Well, well, Flag," I says to him, "you certainey are lookin' very chippy today, judgin' the way you're smilin' and all. So what is up, boy?" So he informs me what is up—namely, they just ran a rough cut from his latest pitcha over at Regal, and they're so excited the results, R. D. wantsa tear up his old contrack and give him a bran-new deal just onna strennth the rough cut alone, which is why he's here, to discuss what terms we should go ahead and ast for.

When I hears this good news, right away I starts to pert up, and just when I'm about to mention him a figger we should demand, alluva sudden, like a bolt from the blues, I gets me a better idear. Why not form our own independint outfit? After all, what a person nœds in this here game is to get hisself a hot property, and believe you me, with a star like Flag Fulton, I got me a property that's so hot it's positively siz-
zlin'!

"Look, Flag," I says to him, "from what you just now informed me, I'm convinced I could get R. D. to renew your contrack at more dough. And you

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know somethin'?" I says. "I'm not gonna do it. No, sir!" So while he sits there starin' at me like I just lost all my marbles, I says, "What for? Why, a guy in your income-tax bracket, by the time he's through shellin' out to the govvemint, what is left you can shove in your left eye without you should even blink yet. No, Flag. What I'm gonna do," I says, "I'm gonna ast R. D. to extend your present contrack at the same terms. But," I says, "I'm gonna get him to give permission you should make one outside pitcha away from the studio." "Fa cryin' out loud, Benny!" he starts hollerin' on me. "What kind deal is that? I'll still hafta pay exorbert taxes, won't I?" "Uh-uh," I says. "This here outside deal is gonna be made by a company which you and me—just we two of us—are gonna form by our own selves. Now, I got a smart lawyer who knows the tax setup inside and outside, and we leave it up to him to work out an angle whereby all the dough we make comes out capital gains. That means we are taxed oney twenny-five per cent, leavin' us semny-five per cent net to divvy up amongst us. Waddeya say to *that*?"

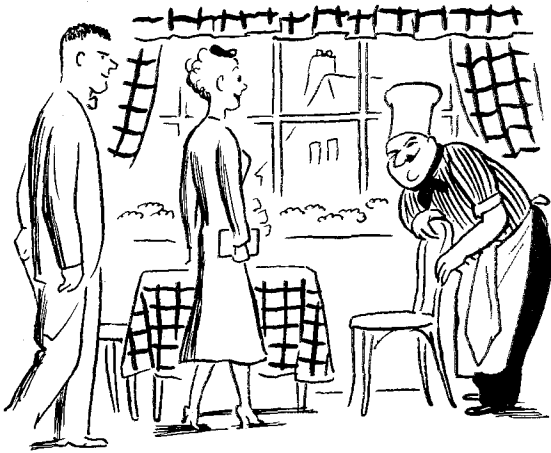
Artie, all he says to that is nothin'. He just sits there, the quietest I ever heard him. "Benny," he finey says, "you wish my honest opinion?" "Please," I says. "After all, if we're gonna be partners, Flag, I want you should awways shoot straight from the shoulders with me." "O.K.," he says. "Benny, right now you're my agent, and, as such, you colleck ten per cent my remuneration, which you are strickly entitled to and which I don't grudge you one bit. But now, alluva sudden, you're demandin' I should take you on as co-star, and I should share halfa the billin' and halfa the take. Why, is what I wanna know. Why?" "Why?" I repeats him. "On

account who thought up the whole, entire deal? Me! Who's gotta hunt up material and work with the writer whilst you are busy shootin' another pitcha at Regal? Me! Who's gotta arrange the financin' and get the release? Me! Believe me, Flag," I says, "if Burt Lancaster ast Harold Hecht why they should be partners, they wouldn'a made 'Mardy' and wouldn'a won all them Oscars fa that downbeat item which I thought sure would lay one great big bomb, box-awficewise. Honestly, Flag," I says, "I'm supprised your whole attitude." I guess I musta took the sails right outa him, on account he quitens down and suggests why not leave my lawyer get in touch with his lawyer, the two should go ahead and iron the whole thing out. "O.K., Flag," I says. "That's agreeable by me."

ARTIE, lemme give you a good piece advice. Never—you hear?—never do no business with no lawyers if you possibly can! Cracked-pots, the whole bunch! I tell you, by the time them two legal beavers got finished argyin' each and evvey clause, months went by and still we got no papers to sign. But the biggest thing we din have was no story. Believe me, I searched evvey nook and granny tryin' to find somethin'. I wore my two peepers to the bone readin' books, plays, originals, magazines, and whatnots. I figgered maybe I could dig me up some germ we could develop screenwise. Nothin', Artie. But nothin'!

Well, now I'm really discouraged. So one night I'm sittin' at home thinkin' how here I am, right in the mist the biggest thing in my life—namely, my own producin' unit, which it looks is gonna fold up on me like some accordeen or other—when, lo and behold, my doorbell rings and in comes Flag

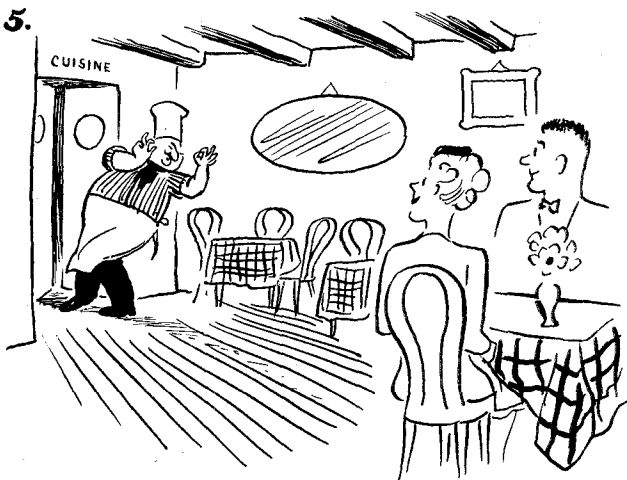
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Fulton, very excited-like, and he's wavin' a buncha pages in my kisser. "Benny! Benny!" he's screamin'. "I got it, I got it! Here's a story, believe me, it's so sensational I guarantee you'll dote each and evvey word. Just wait till you read this!"

Actors! To them any piece writin' is simply great—even a couple lines on a plain postal card—so natchelly I takes what Flag is sayin' with a graina salts. Anyways, he gizz me the story, and first thing I see is the title—"Black Is My Crime." Mmm, I thinks to myself, not bad. At lease it's got a highly suggestive title. Then I read the first page, then the next, and finey the whole thing, and now *I'm* the pardy what's excited. "Flag, boy," I says, "I think we got holt of a sensational piece material! Why, this here is such a movvellous thriller and all, it atchelly curls the blood. Look," I says. "Refresh me somethin' about the writer. Who is he?"

So he informs me he's a Southren-type writer who goes under the name Beauregard Fremont. He come to Hol-

lywood a few years ago to adopt his novel—all about the Civil War, but it never got produced—and since then he's been free-lancin' aroun' without he's got no screenplay credits. "Right now," Flag says, "he's split up with his wife, and he's been romancin' my sister Ellen, which is how we become acquainted. I figger if we buy the story, we could kill off two birds with the similar stone—namely, purchase us a great piece property, and then Beau can go ahead and dispose his wife and marry my sister. Benny," he says to me, "I'll lay twenny-five Gs onna line right now if you'll do likewise. Why, fiddy grand fa this story, that's a regella steal." "Listen," I says. "If we're gonna commit larceny, why not commit it petty, whereby it don't cost us so much? Anyways," I says, "you send this here writer to me first thing in the mornin', and we'll discuss what is a fair-and-square price."

Well, sir, the follyin' mornin' I come to my awfice, and, lo and behold, there he is, this Fremont character. And, Artie, I couldn't hardly believe my own

two eyes. Here's Hollywood, a town where good-lookin' actors are a dime a dozen. So what does this Ellen dame go ahead and pick on? An empty suit! A shrimp! One good wind and he'd disappear away entirely. And when he opened his kisser—boy, oh, boy, was I agasp! I just couldn't unnastand one goddam thing this cottonhead's sayin'. Bein' he comes from way down South there, from Virginia someplace, natchelly evvey word comes out pure Virginese, like he's talkin' in some farn langwitch or other. The one thing that comes acrost very plain is Flag promised him fiddy thousin' fa the story, which is the exack sum he insists on wantin'.

Artie, they say two heads are better than one, but not on him, believe me. I talked and talked to this double-dome character till I turned blue in the face, but he refused to budge one solitary inch in price. "O.K., Beau. If that is hommuch you wish, that's hommuch you'll get. But remember, that there dough is gonna be community property that you'll hafta split up with your current wife. I guess you still must be stuck

on her, else you could brush her off fa peanuts, and likewise save yesself a bundle, taxwise." He opens his mouth and out comes oney one word: "How?" So I tells him instead a takin' cash he'll hafta divvy up with a dame who'll soon be a total stranger, he should take rather a small equity in the company—be awmost like a partner. "Beau," I says, "I'm prepared to give you right now a slice from any and all the net profits we make.

Why, I wouldn't be a bit suprised," I says, "if your share alone wound up a cool hundrit grand by the time we exhausted the world market and disposed us the television rights. That's sure a mighty nice egg-nest fa a guy who's contemplatin' gettin' hisself hitched up again. So what's it gonna be, Beau?" I asts him. "A check fa fifdy thou, or you wish to participate profitwise, whereby you get income spread over a five, six year period, give or take a year? It's strickly up to you." Artie, the words ain't hardly hot outa my mouth yet when he's beggin' and implorin' I should give him the percentitch deal. "Beau," I says, "you're in, boy!" And I shakes his hand and I hustles him out.

ALONG about this time, I gets me a call from my lawyer; the papers are all bein' typed up, and he, personally, will be over the house the fol-lyin' mornin' to explain me any questions pryin' on my mind. Well, sir, now I really am in business! Now I'm ready to go ahead and negotiate. Who with? Ah, that's the question! Then I figger maybe if I could get me a big publicity splash in the papers, rather than I go roun' the studios my hat in my mitt, beggin' they should back me, they'll come chasin' my tail with offers galore. Logical, no?

So I gets in touch with Al Harmon, the press agent, he should give Louella an exclusive, and I mention him the facks, and how Flag and me, we just purchased ourselves a terrific piece property. "You at liberty to quote hom-much you paid?" Al asts me. "Why not?" I says, and I mentions him a sum—namely, one hundrit thousin' smackers. . . . Yeah, yeah, I know, Artie, but in this here racket you gotta think big and talk big. If I quoted him chicken-feed money, right away the studios are liable to think we're a chicken-feed outfit and they'll lay off. Get my thought?

Anyways, the next mornin' I pick up the *Examiner* and I turns to Louella's column, and there it is—the entire story smeared acrost the top. And when I see them figgers—all them lovely goose eggs—even though I, personally, know the atchel deal with Beau, still 'n' all I'm highly impressed. Very.

I guess evveybody in town musta read that story, on account my phone keeps ringin' incessantly with people callin' me up to congrajjilate me, or good-luckin' me to death, and all of them astin' if I could use them jobwise. Artie, I musta be on that there phone a good two, three hours, and just when I'm startin' to get dressed, my doorbell rings, and who should come breezin' in on me excep' Flag and his intendid brother-law Beau. Now, you'd think them two creeps would be tickled silly with the big break we got. Oh, no! Right away they begins attackin' me and screamin' on topa their two lungs, callin' me all kinds names you'd oney find down in a sewer.

"You lousy, no-good skunk!" Flag is hollerin' on me. "Why dija hafta go ahead and break up my sister's mar-ritch?" Artie, I'm so flapper-gasted all I could do is stand there hangin' with my tongue out. I just din know what the hell he's talkin' about, till finy Beau speaks up and tells me the minute his wife read that story in the papers, she called him up and informed him, come hell and hot water, she's not givin' him no divorce. No, sir! She's not removin' her paws offa any guy who can earn hisself that big pile dough. "Fa cryin' out loud, Beau," I says, "din you tell her the story's a lotta poppyrot? Din you tell

her the truth?" "Natchelly," he says. "But you think she's gonna believe me when she sees with her own two eyes I'm gettin' one hundrit thousin' bucks, plastered all over the papers? And it's all your fault, you stinkin' home-break-er!"

"Please," I says. "I'll call her up right now and I'll explain her the entire situation." But before I could get me to the phone, in comes my lawyer, and when he sees Flag, right away he removes the contracks from his briefcase and he says, "Ah, the two principals are here. Now we can go ahead and concretize the deal." Well, that's all Flag hasta hear! He quick snatches away the papers and begins to tear them up to tiny little pieces. "I wouldn't be your partner, Benny Greenspan," he hollers, "if you came beggin' me on your two bent knees! In fack, I'm not even gonna be your client no more!" And, Artie, from that day to this I never seen head nor tail from Mr. Flag Fulton.

Yes, sir, that gizz you a rough idear what an agent hasta content with these days. Believe me, I hated to see a deal I sweated blood for blow up right in— Oh, justa minute, Artie. My seck-atary just come in.

Yeah, Gussie, what is it? . . . Oh? . . . Did he say what he wannid to talk to me about? . . . Ah, ha, I get it!

Look, Artie, there's a call I gotta answer. I gotta inklin' in my bones it's another client who's prepared to brush me off, so I must hang up. Listen, any time you're in town, gizz a buzz and we'll go out to dinner and tear us up a steak. Artie, it's sure a great pleasure talkin' to you again. . . . Right. . . . Right, Artie. So long, kid.

—ARTHUR KOBER

A TRIBUTE TO W. H. AUDEN AND HIS VOCABULARY

Whether it's deasil, cancrizans, or widdershins,*
Auden always finishes what he begins.

Oh, you can count on him to carry out his plans
Whether they're deasil, widdershins, or cancrizans.

All his "i"s he dots, he crosses all his "t"s—he'll
Fit them in: cancrizans, widdershins, or deasil.

Friend of felicity, archfoe of flaw,
Whose word (deasil or widdershins) is law,
Of Auden (Wystan Hugh) we stand in awe.

—ROBERT FRANCIS

*Deasil: from east to west.

Cancrizans: crabwise or backward.

Widdershins: in a contrary direction.



"I don't mind fire and brimstone on Fifth Avenue, but on the Cape! Well, really!"

THE MODEL

"THE prototype of love," the Doctor said, with his familiar air of preparing to expound, "is to be discovered in the relationship of mother and child—not in the sexual relationship, which is often mistaken for it. The sexual relation is the prototype for the creation of new forms, new approaches, without which man would die of stagnation. But love that nurtures, protects, preserves, encourages, cherishes, is best-expressed in the symbol of the Madonna."

Mrs. Harley preened slightly.

She and the Doctor sat facing each other beside the window of Mrs. Harley's room at Hardpan Farm, the sanitarium in the country that the Doctor ran for eight patients; through the window streamed the clear sunshine of a beautiful June morning. The notebook in which Mrs. Harley wrote down her dreams still lay open on her lap, although the Doctor had finished his interpretation of her last night's dream: in it she had been hiding from her father in a closet in her childhood home while he stamped about outside, shouting and striking at the furniture with a cudgel. During the year she had been at Hardpan Farm, Mrs. Harley had got used to the odd and alarming things her father, who in life had been an affectionate man, did in dreams.

"Walker writes that Jimmy can swim several strokes," she said, out of a train of association entirely obvious to herself and to the Doctor. "I can't realize it. When I think of that baby swimming..."

The Doctor fixed his calm, elderly gaze on her. "He can't be such a baby by now. How old is he—six?"

"Seven," Mrs. Harley said. "But in my heart he is still my little baby—my only baby," she added, her lip trembling. Mrs. Harley's breakdown had followed a miscarriage.

"Is that so? We'll have to knock that out of you," the Doctor said briskly.

Mrs. Harley clasped her hands before her breast and leaned forward. "When am I going to go home?" she asked intensely.

The Doctor peered at her over the tops of his spectacles. "I thought you'd got over pestering me to prophesy," he remarked. He took off his glasses, squinted at a spot on one of the lenses, breathed on them, rubbed them clean with his white pocket handkerchief, and put them on again. "Soon, I should think," he said.

"But how will I know when I'm well?" cried Mrs. Harley. The yellow sunshine that flooded the room seemed to speak to her of summer beaches long ago, of being taught to swim in the cool green waves, and of life itself. "How can I tell when I'm able to be with Jimmy?" she continued. "I've had my heart set on being at the beach with him this summer."

"I wouldn't go setting my heart on things," the Doctor advised. "You can't hurry the mind. Play your cards close to the chest."

"But Jimmy's what I've been living for! Don't you remember, back when I was so sick and stayed in bed, how I used to tell you that my love for Jimmy could bring me back from the grave if I was dead?"

"I certainly do," the Doctor said. "I hope you don't still go in for that sort of extravagant fantasy."

"But it feels so wrong, to be here and not taking care of my own child!"

The Doctor surveyed her. "The best thing you can do for your child is to get well."

"But how will I know when I'm well?" Mrs. Harley asked again.

"You'll quit asking me questions like

that, for one thing," the Doctor said. "When you get well, you'll know it."

Mrs. Harley sighed, unsatisfied.

"Walker says," she began again, her look of anxiety returning, "that I ought to be doing a little more every day. That I ought to walk a little farther each time, build myself up until I'm back where I was."

"Pish!" said the Doctor. "Your husband better tend to his architecture. Nothing physical ails you, and that's not the way to build up psychic energy. What do you mean back where you were? You want to go back where you were?"

"No!" Mrs. Harley replied fervently. After a moment she went on, "Walker says it is really unnecessary for me to be staying here. He says I am just trying to perfect myself."

The Doctor took a long, careful breath. Families would be the death of him. "Don't you worry about getting too perfect," he said. "You just attend to getting along at all." He hesitated and then said, "I wouldn't talk the language we talk here to people outside, if I were you. Nobody's going to know what you mean when you use words like 'rebirth' and 'collective unconscious.'"

Mrs. Harley nodded soberly. "Walker doesn't understand," she said.

"Don't expect anybody to understand," the Doctor said. "Because they won't."

"Walker says the Bhagavad-Gita is esoteric," Mrs. Harley said. "He says it is occult."

"He ought to look up the word 'occult,'" the Doctor said. "The Bible and the Bhagavad-Gita are the two works of psychology I value most."

"Is it esoteric?"

Mrs. Harley insisted.

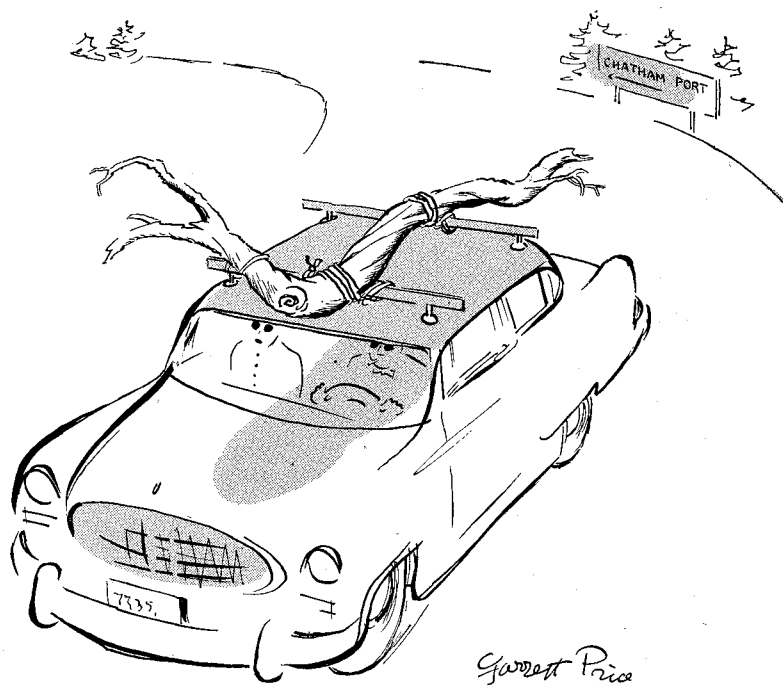
"Well, it certainly isn't about outer reality, if that makes you feel any better about Walker," he said.

"Walker's a fine, good, kind man!" Mrs. Harley exclaimed.

"Who said he wasn't? He's stood by you all through your long illness. A lot of husbands wouldn't have."

"But that's why I feel I ought to get back to him and Jimmy!" Mrs. Harley cried.

"What could you do for them, in your con-



dition?" the Doctor inquired. "There are no 'ought's. Just do the best you can."

"I will," Mrs. Harley vowed ardently. "I really will. My very best."

"That's all you *can* do," the Doctor pointed out.

He picked up the small red book that lay on the window sill beside him, and Mrs. Harley relaxed somewhat into attention, for being read to was one of the extra dividends the patients enjoyed when their analytic work was finished earlier in the hour than usual. The Doctor flicked over some pages and began to read in his calm old voice:

"He who to none and nowhere overbound
By ties of flesh, takes evil things and good
Neither desponding nor exulting, such
Bears wisdom's plainest mark! He who
shall draw

As the wise tortoise draws its four feet
safe

Under its shield, his five frail senses back
Under the spirit's buckler from the world
Which else assails them, such an one, my
Prince!

Has wisdom's mark. . ."

Mrs. Harley had only been waiting for the sentence to end. "Wouldn't it be wonderful," she said, looking illumined, "if I could learn to draw my senses in like a tortoise?"

The Doctor looked at her over the top of the book. "It would be wonderful if you could learn to keep anything in at all," he said crushingly.

WHEN the Doctor had departed for his hour with Mrs. Gleason, down the hall, Mrs. Harley stood looking out of her window at the pretty pastoral scene. The fields across the country road were radiant with early summer—green and fresh and dewy. A large oak tree stood up in the nearest pasture, its boughs supporting a nimbus of light-green leaves. Mrs. Harley suddenly remembered the way all the color had gone out of the landscape in the days when she was very ill. Day after day she had risen weakly from her bed and gone over to the window and looked out at the then autumnal scene, and day by day the color had withdrawn from trees, fields, sky, until one day the oak tree had been as though drawn in pencil, without any color at all. Of the color's returning she had no memory; she had not noticed. Just one day it was back.

She went over to the bureau and straightened the toilet things, the leather frame with its pictures of Jimmy in a sun suit and of Walker staring straight at her; took a light jacket off the back of a chair; and went to join Miss Hughes in her room across the upstairs hall.



"I'd be afraid they'd brain each other with these huge things."

Both of them having progressed to a state where they were not unduly disturbed by small responsibilities, they were going to drive to the village to fetch the marketing that Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, had already ordered by telephone. Miss Hughes was putting on a thin white sweater. She looked dismayed.

"Miss Diggs says she wants to come along," she told Mrs. Harley. "She says the work the cobbler did on her shoes is thoroughly unsatisfactory, and she wants to take them back and give him a piece of her mind."

"Oh dear!" Mrs. Harley lamented. "And I thought you and I were going to have such a nice expedition."

"Let's stick her in the back," Miss Hughes suggested. "At least we can sit together in the front seat, so we don't have to look at her."

But alas, when Miss Hughes brought the farm station wagon around to the front, where Mrs. Harley and Miss Diggs were waiting, Miss Diggs instantly popped in beside Miss Hughes, re-

marking, "I have to ride in front. The motion in the back seat gives me nausea."

Mrs. Harley, riding in the back seat, was suffused with silent rage as they started off. Awful old Miss Diggs, with her ailments and her complaints and her moods! She never considered for a moment how anyone else might feel or what anyone else might want. It was all very well to remind oneself, as the Doctor advised, that Miss Diggs was an introvert and quite unconscious of the negative quality of much of her behavior; what it boiled down to, Mrs. Harley thought, was that Miss Diggs had no love. Mrs. Harley felt quite shocked to realize it. She gazed at the dark, morose profile directly in front of her, as it stared out at the passing landscape without even so much as trying to make conversation, and thanked God that she was an extravert.

They bowled along the country roads, passing farmers working in the fields in the pleasant morning sun, chickens that huddled gossiping in

knots or ran about distracted, farms where the sound of lambs bleating came out to them, and others redolent of pig. They drove up hill and down dale, between green forests and rocky hillsides, past small white cottages and a great yawning stone quarry, and so into the little village three miles from Hardpan Farm.

Miss Hughes and Mrs. Harley leaped out of the station wagon. They loved the small cozy bustle of the village. But Miss Diggs remained where she was. "I'll wait," she said, scowling. "It's too far for me to walk to the cobbler's. You can drive me there after you pick up the marketing."

Miss Hughes started to get back into the car. "I can take you there now," she offered automatically.

"What's the use of that?" Miss Diggs replied ungraciously. "I'll wait."

Once in the nice, pungent-smelling grocery store, Miss Hughes and Mrs. Harley were in no hurry to rejoin Miss Diggs. Miss Hughes bought a Coca-Cola and Mrs. Harley a lemon-and-lime pop, and they wandered companionably about, admiring the displays of washing powder, of canned Chinese Dinners, and the pyramids of moon-yellow grapefruit. It felt most exciting to be out in the great world on one's own.

They were standing in front of a rack of pocket books, sucking their drinks through the straws and perusing the startling titles of the novels, when suddenly Miss Hughes nudged Mrs. Harley in the ribs and said, "Look."

It was an exquisite baby, blooming all by itself in the little seat of one of the wire marketing carts. Ravishing, rosy, towheaded, it sat quite unattended, gazing about its surroundings with beautiful calm. One tiny fist was raised as though in command.

Mrs. Harley felt her heart move straight out through the conduit of her eyes to bathe the baby in its worship. She felt limp with love as she stood holding her pop bottle and staring at that shimmeringly significant baby; she felt as weak as a cat.

"How I adore ba-

bies!" Miss Hughes said in a whisper, presumably so as not to embarrass the baby. Then she reached for Mrs. Harley's hand and squeezed it sympathetically. Everybody at Hardpan Farm knew how Mrs. Harley yearned for her own child; the place had rung with her sobs earlier in her illness.

They stood staring, hand in hand and sucking from their bottles, until the mother returned and pushed the cart away down the aisle, with the baby's head bobbing back and forth to the motion. Gravely, Mrs. Harley and Miss Hughes turned their regard back to "Murder at Midnight" and "Too Many Beds."

When at length they staggered back to the car, laden with big brown paper bags, it was to find Miss Diggs engaged in sprightly conversation with a Mrs. Townsend, a village lady who was a friend of the Doctor's. Gone were Miss Diggs' morose silence, her heavy scowl. All smiles, she was chattering in a social voice on the subject of Pekinese, about which it appeared she knew a good deal, having once bred them. This fact she had never once mentioned over the dinner table at Hardpan Farm in all the time Miss Hughes and Mrs. Harley had been there.

When they drove away, Miss Diggs leaned out of the car to wave a cordial goodbye.

After she had got out to go into

the cobbler's shop, Mrs. Harley and Miss Hughes let their indignation erupt. "Such hypocrisy!" cried Mrs. Harley, moving up to the front seat to get closer.

"Introvert or no introvert," said Miss Hughes, "she doesn't seem to have the slightest trouble being pleasant—nay, gushing—when she chooses." Miss Hughes' brother was a clergyman, and when she wanted to be impressive she was apt to select his phrases to do it in. Afterward she would feel guilty, because the problem of identifying with her brother was part of Miss Hughes' analysis.

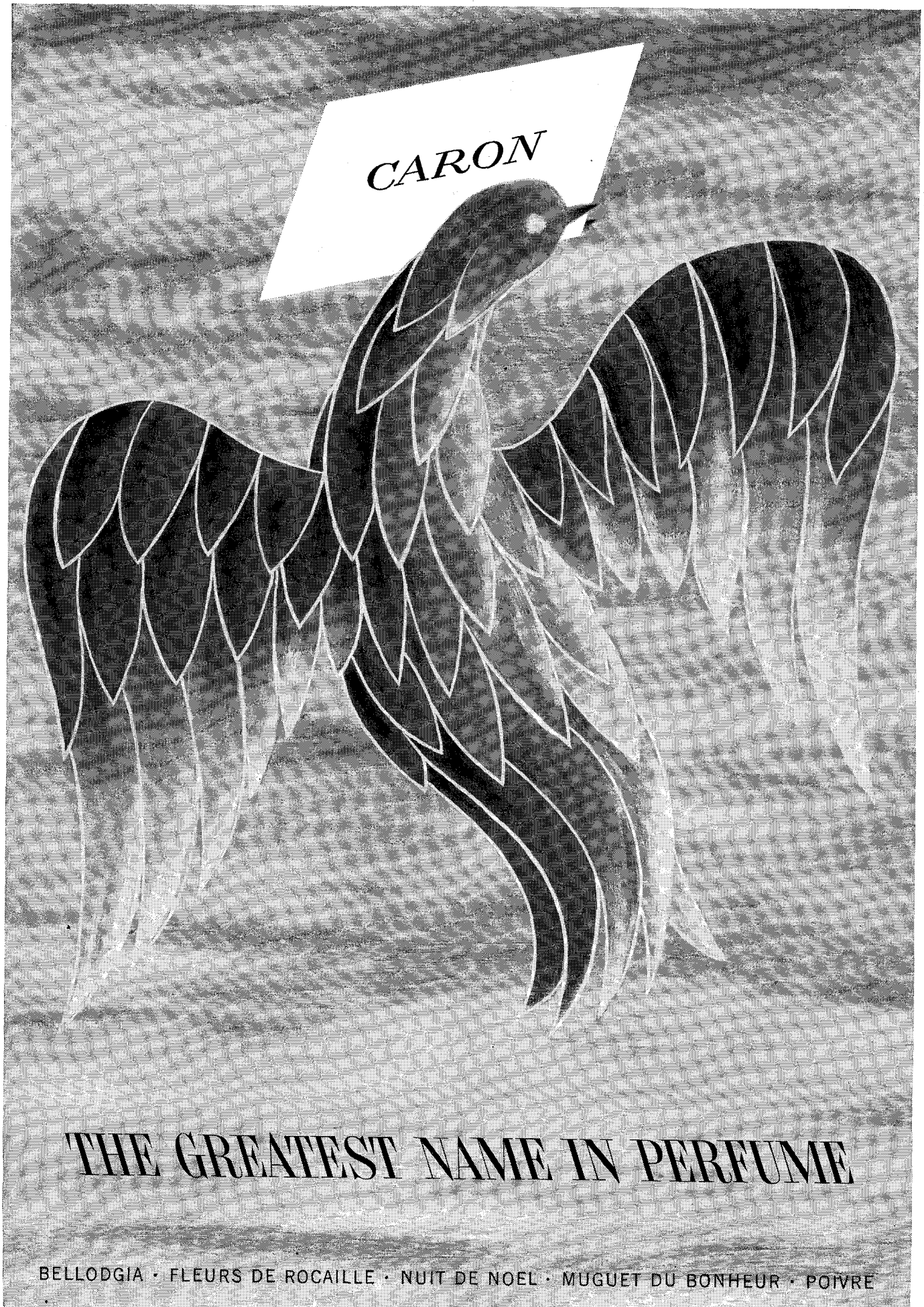
Mrs. Harley was about to declare "She's intolerable" when Miss Diggs came out of the shop, and she changed it to "Shush." Miss Diggs stalked back to the car, stiff-legged, her face once again gloomy and unapproachable.

"Get out of the way," she said to Mrs. Harley, who was still in front. "I want to get in."

Mrs. Harley, speechless, moved into the back seat.

LUNCHEON at Hardpan Farm was presided over by the Doctor, who sat at one end of the long table, surveying the row of patients on either side with benign watchfulness. The opposite end of the table was occupied by Miss Hay, the trained nurse. That day Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, who usually lunched with them, was kept busy out in the kitchen; as usual, there was not





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enough domestic help at Hardpan Farm.

When Miss Diggs did not maintain total silence at mealtime, she generally chose that occasion to recount her symptoms. "I've begun one of my migraines, Doctor," she said. "Don't expect me at dinner. It was all I could do to stagger in to lunch."

The extraverts stared in horrid fascination; Miss Diggs always had such direful and impressive maladies. The extraverts themselves never felt they could complain; they were far too ashamed of having anything the matter with them at all. But Mrs. Harley, seated facing Miss Diggs, had by no means finished with her morning's anger. It was large, substantial, and made her feel bulging with power. She sipped at her soup as she listened. Suddenly it occurred to her that perhaps Mrs. Martin was right: that Miss Diggs just made up her migraines to be difficult, especially when there was trouble in the kitchen. It was a very daring thought.

"The migraine came from talking too much, while I was in the village this morning," Miss Diggs was saying. "That Mrs. Townsend of yours, Doctor. She had me cornered. I couldn't get away. It always gives me migraine to talk."

"Well, it's some satisfaction to know what gives it to you," the Doctor said.

"The others went off and left me stranded for hours in the car while they did the marketing," Miss Diggs said, and Mrs. Harley's temper flared afresh at the injustice of it. "My agoraphobia was the worst it's ever been, all the time I was in the village. The square looked to be about a mile across, and when I got out of the car, at the cobbler's, the ground seemed to run downhill from under my feet," she said with gloomy relish.

"Why didn't you tell me?" cried Miss Hughes. "I would have taken your shoes in."

"You were too busy talking. I don't like to be a burden to anybody," Miss Diggs said. "When I came back to the car, you were so deep in gossip I had to ask to be admitted."

Mrs. Harley's rage boiled over. All her rigid Boston background had risen in armies terrible with banners. "Ask?" she cried. "You said 'Get out of the way.' It was not the speech of a lady." She paused, with a sense of pride. Her own grandmother could not have phrased it better.

The Doctor instantly began to talk in loud, firm, assertive accents. "One of the less observed phenomena of schools

of psychological thought is the fact that each originator is actually only developing a theory of his own psychology. Freud was an introvert, and in his psychology we see the typical father problem of the introvert. Adler was an introvert, and didn't know it. Few of the psychological thinkers do realize that in their theories they are recommending as a universal cure something applicable only to a portion of mankind."

"The migraine has reached my stomach," Miss Diggs announced with a thunderous expression, and, rising, left the table to stalk to her room.

The Doctor did not stop talking. "Extraverts can have no use for, and may even be harmed by, advice eminently suitable for the introvert. I shall never forget Alfred Adler when he was in this country," he said, allowing his manner to ease into the anecdotal, "going all over the place lecturing, telling his audiences, 'You must feel wizz ozzier person.' All very well for an introvert. But extraverts already tend to identify themselves out of existence. If Alfred Adler—"

Here he was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Martin with the mail. The atmosphere of the luncheon table at Hardpan Farm changed abruptly, completely. Into the domestic blend, compounded of distresses, fears, doubts, chagrins, that fused, day after day, into a sort of negative harmony, there entered, as there did once each day, a new element, sharp, unknown, challenging—the outside world.

As Mrs. Martin handed out the letters, taking a good searching squint at each one before delivering it up, pleasurable convictions of being practically well continued to flit through Mrs. Harley's mind. Had she not asserted herself, strongly, to Miss Diggs? The Doctor was always saying, "If you could just assert yourself, you'd be well. . . ." She would be getting well any time now, she thought as she received a letter addressed in Walker's hand.

Mrs. Gleason, who had sisters, got four. Miss Hughes got two. The Doctor ceased from exposition, the prune soufflé was rapidly done away with, and separately, each enclosed in her fantasies of the outside world, the patients stole away to their bedrooms, upstairs or down, to tear open their letters and read them alone.

The Doctor was going over the bills in his little study just off the front hall, later that afternoon, when there was a timid rap on the frame of the open door. He turned from the incredible mess he

was making of the papers to see, over the tops of his spectacles, Mrs. Harley, looking scared, apologetic, and agonized. "I know I shouldn't bother you when you're busy," she began self-accusingly.

"No, no," he said kindly, "come in. As a matter of fact, I've been thinking about speaking to you."

The flood of speech visible behind Mrs. Harley's eyes was checked for an instant. She sat down on the edge of a chair facing him, like a child in the principal's office.

"It's nothing much," he said cautiously. "If I make a tiny little criticism, will you do me the favor of not going into a tailspin?"

"Yes, what?" Mrs. Harley asked, with a distracted expression.

"Well," he proceeded with great care, "one of the purposes of our learning about the various psychological types is to render us more sympathetic to others not belonging to our own—to realize that what can be expected from one type cannot be expected from another, and conversely. Just because the introvert has so little individuated feeling-function does not mean that he himself is not sensitive. On the contrary, he is ultra-sensitive to hurt from without. Now, I hope you won't go to work and decide the world is coming to an end if I tell you that you hurt Miss Diggs' feelings at lunch today. I—"

"Oh, that," said Mrs. Harley. "I'm sorry." She paused, obviously bursting with what she had to say.

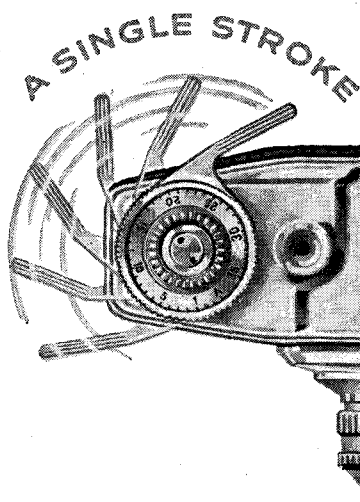
The Doctor sighed.

"Well, what is it now?" he prompted, and, as at a signal, the floodgates broke.

"They're coming Monday, and Walker says I must turn it over in my mind whether I want to go away with them when they leave, that he doesn't want to force me, but that all preparations will have been made, and that I must consider whether I don't want to be home with my own child—and they'll spend the day here anyway, and I'm not to think I have to go, but he says wouldn't it seem more natural to be home, and I'm not to feel any pressure, but just if I want to I can leave happily and naturally with them when it's time to go, and you could send my bags on later, and they'll plan to be here for lunch, and Jimmy knows he's going to see me and is so excited, and Walker knows when I see my own child I won't be able to resist, and—"

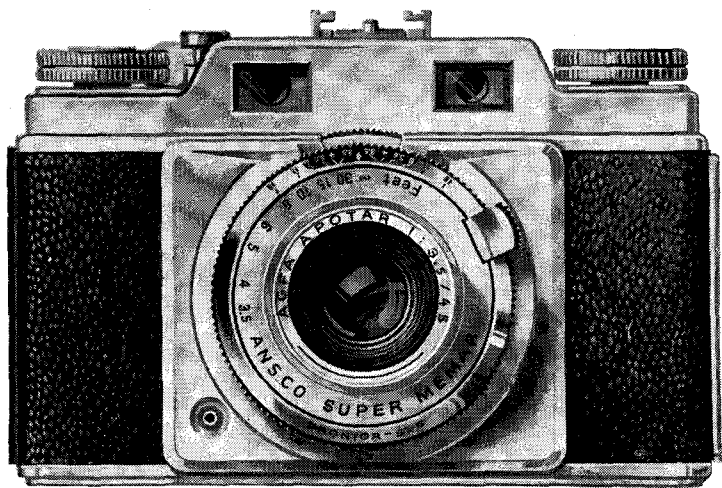
Here Mrs. Harley burst into tears.

"Well," said the Doctor. "Isn't that nice?" He got up and shut the door into the hall. On the way back to his chair he laid his hand for an instant on the



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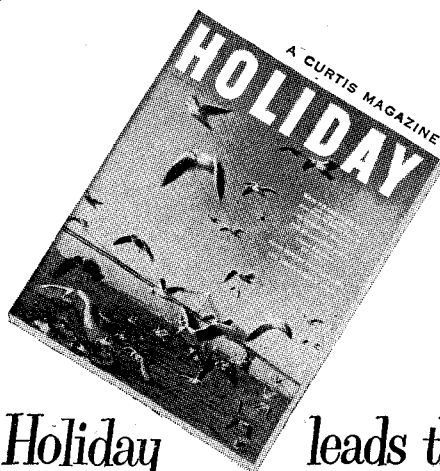
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shaking shoulders. "It's just what you've been wanting, isn't it?" he went on. "You can see your little boy, and have the day with him."

"But Walker says I can leave happily and naturally with them when it's time to go!" she wailed.

"Well, so you can. You said yourself Walker didn't want you to feel any pressure. That's very understanding from somebody outside. You can do whatever you want to."

"But I don't know what I want to do!"

"Can't you wait and see what you want when the time comes?" the Doctor asked patiently.

Mrs. Harley sobbed. "No," she said. After a pause she added, "I mean, what am I going to think *until* the time comes?"

The Doctor hesitated. "Why, think how fine it's going to be to see your husband and son, of course," he said. "Think that of course you're going to feel happy to go away with them—happy and natural, just as your husband says."

Mrs. Harley peered at him with bleary eyes. "Really? Is it right to think that?"

The Doctor sighed. "Of course it's right," he said wearily. "You've got to think something. You can't go on in this condition."

"And it would be awful to think I *didn't* feel like going," Mrs. Harley said, recovering herself somewhat.

"It would be nothing of the sort. It would just be the other thing to think, that's all."

Mrs. Harley, astonished, her lip beginning to tremble, said, "But I'd rather think I want to go."

"Naturally you would rather. So go ahead and think it."

They were interrupted by Mrs. Martin, bearing more bills. She threw one of her sharp, inquisitive looks at Mrs. Harley as Mrs. Harley started to leave. Mrs. Martin put her hands on her hips. "Doctor, *please* let me do those bills!" she pleaded. "Last month you forgot to sign three of the checks."

"Rubbish," said the Doctor.

When Mrs. Harley was closing the door, she heard Mrs. Martin ask, "What's the matter with—"

Mrs. Harley did not feel it would be honorable to listen to more. But as she turned away, she heard the Doctor's voice, which always carried so, saying, "Poor thing..."

FORTIFIED by the Doctor, Mrs. Harley's spirits rapidly rose. The morning of the great day, she and Miss

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Hughes made a little tour of the neighborhood, so that Mrs. Harley could say farewell to familiar objects. They lingered particularly long in the barnyard at the Goose Farm, where many old friends claimed their attention. "Good-bye, pigs!" cried Mrs. Harley, leaning over the fence of the sty, where the immense sow wandered among the ruin—garbage and straw and broken boxes—she had wrought.

"Do you remember the piglets?" asked Miss Hughes, leaning elbow to elbow beside her.

"I do indeed," Mrs. Harley replied. They were silent, recalling those precious pink scraps nuzzling up to the mother's vast sustaining side. "They had such baby faces," Mrs. Harley observed.

They wandered off to the dairy under the stable, where it was cool and dim against the hot June morning. Large flat pans stood on a sill, filled with rising cream. Mrs. Harley in her fresh pink cotton dress and Miss Hughes in her blue sat down side by side on a wooden bench.

"Just think, tomorrow you'll be in the world," Miss Hughes said. She wanted to add "Aren't you scared?," but the extraverts were cautious about expressing unpleasant ideas for each other to identify with.

"It doesn't seem real," Mrs. Harley said candidly.

"But think of that darling little boy!" cried Miss Hughes, embarrassed.

"I do," Mrs. Harley said. "It's like a cord binding me to the outside world."

"It must be wonderful to be a mother," Miss Hughes said wistfully.

"It is. Maybe you'll be one someday, when you are out in the world again," Mrs. Harley said generously. "Becoming a mother is the greatest thing you—" She had started to say "can do," but the Doctor's voice interposed itself in her mind, as it so often did, with quite other words. "You're a person first," he now remarked. "Before you can do anything, you've got to be somebody."

But being a mother was being somebody, wasn't it, Mrs. Harley's own mind replied. The Doctor was right, of course—he was always right—but what was one to think when one did feel like a mother and didn't honestly feel like a person at all? It was a problem. "Let's go and feed the chickens," said Mrs. Harley abruptly, rising. The chickens were a ready solution. Always hungry, always good for being fed, they had ended many an inward quarrel before this.

The chickens ran, as frantic for the



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grain as though they had never seen food before; the pullets among them were now quite big and scrawny, that so lately were darling balls of fluff. "And do you remember the ducklings?" Miss Hughes asked as they strolled away toward the pond.

"All babies look alike, don't they," Mrs. Harley said, struggling to express something. "I mean, even ponies and calves and big things have such baby eyes." They stood on the rim of the pond looking over the calm green water, padded with water lilies. "Goodbye, ducks," called Mrs. Harley. "Goodbye, geese." She waved her hand.

The patients gathered in the living room shortly before one, awaiting the sounds of arrival, in their best clean summer dresses. They were all much excited: a man was coming. The Doctor hardly counted as a man; he was more God. The patients bridled, slightly, in anticipation, and made unnatural conversation with one another while eying the unfamiliar amenities that had been set out: the tray of sherry glasses, with a decanter; the package of cigarettes that lay, together with matches, in the exact center of the living-room table; the picture books that Mrs. Martin had dredged up from somewhere for the little boy. The Doctor sat in a big chair reading the paper in his detached, concentrated way. Suddenly they heard wheels outside the open front door. Mrs. Harley seemed to stop breathing entirely. She moved uncertainly toward the hall. The Doctor, putting down his paper with a crisp crash, trotted right past her and flung open the screen door. "Come in, come in," he said cordially. Within the frame of the door, against the brilliant noonday, were the silhouettes of a tall man and a small boy.

In another moment, Mrs. Harley felt herself embraced by the tall man and heard Walker's voice say, "Why, Ellen..." Then she was released again and was standing looking up at her husband.

But who was this great, vigorous boy beside him—red-cheeked, smiling, a total stranger? "Hi, Mom," he said. Mrs. Harley stared.

The Doctor's hand upon her arm propelled her forward; the Doctor's voice in her ear whispered sharply, "Put your arms around him. Kiss him."

AFTER they had all drunk after-luncheon coffee in the living room, Walker said, "Why don't you take a nap, dear? You look as if you could use one. I'll just have a little talk with the Doctor while you're resting. You,

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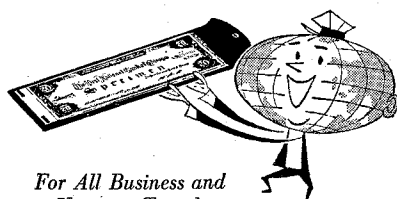
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too, Jim," he said. "I guess Mom can find a place for you to lie down."

"Do I have to take an old nap?" Jimmy protested, looking up from his book of aviation pictures.

"Yes," his father said.

Mrs. Harley led her son up the stairs of Hardpan Farm and into the back bedroom that the cook had vacated the week before.

"Can I help you get ready for your nap?" she asked; but it seemed more probable that he could help her. She gazed at him, smiling shyly, and his face, as it had throughout lunch, continued to swim toward her through a sea of time, becoming gradually more definite, more familiar.

"It's so nice to see you," she offered.

Jimmy looked up from where he sat on the floor taking his shoes off and said, "I haven't seen you for a long time, have I?"

"No, you haven't," she said sadly. "I hope you are having a good time with Grandma."

"Super," he said, springing up and jumping onto the bed.

Feeling uncertain, for she really did not know how to treat such an enormous boy, she leaned over and kissed his warm, firm cheek. "Have a good nap," she said.

He nodded, and bounced himself twice on the bed.

Mrs. Harley went down the hall to her own room. She crossed to the south window and looked out.

There in the Hardpan Farm garden strolled the Doctor and Walker, side by side, smoking cigars. The two men talked, nodded, paused for a moment while a point was made, strolled on. Mrs. Harley hid herself behind the curtain, although nobody looked up. They were discussing her; they were disposing of her; she felt very small. She went and lay down on her bed, soberly, and, closing her eyes, tried to take a nap, as Walker had said to.

After an hour by the bedside clock she got up, put her shoes on, and went down the hall to Jimmy's room. He was bouncing slowly and pleasurably up and down on the bed. "Did you go to sleep?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, surprised. "I always go to sleep. Did you?"

"No," she admitted. "Would you like to go out and see the garden?"

"O.K.," he said, springing up.

Going down the hall to the back stairs, she felt suddenly so dizzy that she paused, putting her hand out on the wall. Jimmy hesitated, looking up at her questioningly. "Let's take hands," she said, and put her hand in his warm

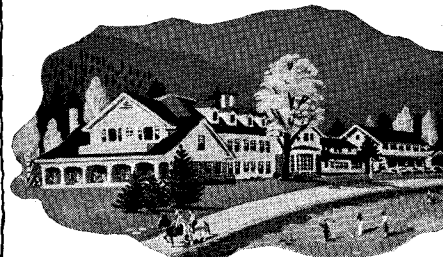


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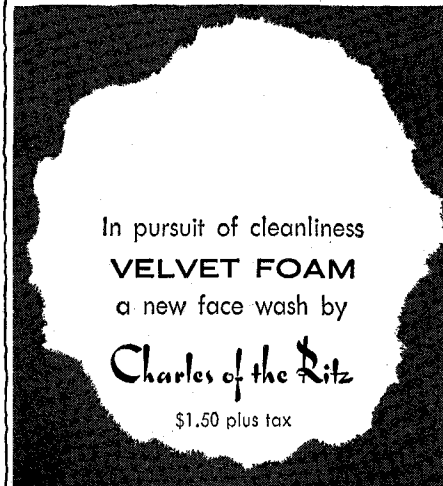


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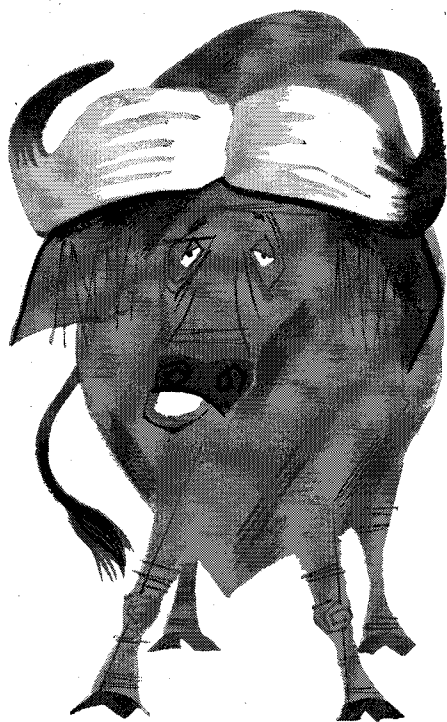
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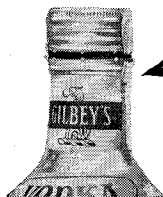


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one. Together they went down the stairs and out through the porch door into the afternoon sunshine; nobody was about.

But even in all the sunshine it seemed curiously dark to Mrs. Harley. She had the sensation of walking on the bottom of the ocean, sustained only by the warm hand that led her. They passed along the narrow beds of June flowers. "Look, Mom," Jimmy said. "Those are roses. They're in my book."

"Oh!" she responded, docile.

"And those are sweet Williams, and those are bleeding hearts," he went on, leading her.

"You know such a lot," she said admiringly.

"I know," he said. "I'm seven."

They passed down the long grass alley that led to the cedar hedge. "Would you like to get through that tunnel and see what's on the other side?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know whether we—" she objected timidly.

"Don't be scared," he said. "I'll go first and see if it's safe." He crawled through the gap in the hedge and turned back, his cheeks glowing strong pink, to help her through.

They were in a big field. It was only the field between Hardpan Farm and the creek, but with another part of her consciousness Mrs. Harley felt she had never been here in her life before. They walked through the long summer grasses down to where the creek flowed, compact and sun-spattered. "Oh, let's sit down!" she cried; the moss looked so soft, like bumpy green velvet, and in the roots of the trees were little caves, places where you could hide things.

"I can throw," Jimmy said, and hurled a stone at the water. He missed.

While he continued to throw pebbles at the creek, Mrs. Harley felt herself mesmerized by the smooth, oily, warm surface of the water, its motion barely perceptible. Across the creek a branch had caught on the bank; leaves and twigs had caught, in turn, on the branch, and formed a backwater within which the dark shiny water swirled gently. Outside the trap, the main creek flowed slowly on. Mrs. Harley wished she could unplug the backwater; it would be pleasant, she thought, to see the eddying join the main stream.

"I'd like to go back now," she said, looking about her at the broad, unfamiliar field, the unfamiliar trees.

"O.K., I'll take you," Jimmy said, throwing a last stone and getting up with a jump. He took her hand and

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led her back across the meadow to the hedge. "Do you think you can crawl through?" he asked.

"I think so," she said, trusting him as he held the cedar branches away for her to pass.

Walker was in the garden, alone, smoking a cigar.

"Well," he said jovially as they came up the path toward him. "Been taking Jim for a walk, eh?" She did not contradict him. "Jim, run along for a little bit, will you, son?" his father went on. "See if you can find the way Mom took you. I want to talk to her."

"I want—" Jimmy began; but it was no use.

"Shove off, now," his father said firmly; and that great boy, so reliable and resourceful, took orders and shoved off.

When they were left alone in the garden, Walker slipped his arm through his wife's. "You look a bit peaked, darling," he said. "I'll admit I hadn't realized what you'd been through—I mean, that it could affect you physically. It must have been something."

She could not think of anything to say.

"But now the Doctor says you're able to do whatever you feel up to. He says if you feel like coming home you can. I sent Jimmy away so I could ask you alone, darling—and I don't want you to feel any pressure; we've managed somehow and we can manage a little longer if necessary. Do you feel up to coming home again?"

"No," she said.

"CAN'T you stop castigating yourself over that decision?" the Doctor asked. "All you did was say no."

They sat one on each side of Mrs. Harley's same old south window, with the same old notebook lying open on Mrs. Harley's lap. In her last night's dream her father had been laying about him with a bullwhip. A good two weeks had passed, and still Mrs. Harley carried on, daily, about the crime she had committed by not going home to be a wife and mother.

"Walker said you told him I could go if I wanted to!" she cried now. "You said it was perfectly all right to!"

"Well, you *didn't* want to," the Doctor said. "I didn't tell him you could go if you didn't want to."

"We can't let what we want be our guide," Mrs. Harley said with prim anguish, quoting some Boston source within herself. "I feel so brutal!" she continued, clasping her slim hands. "So



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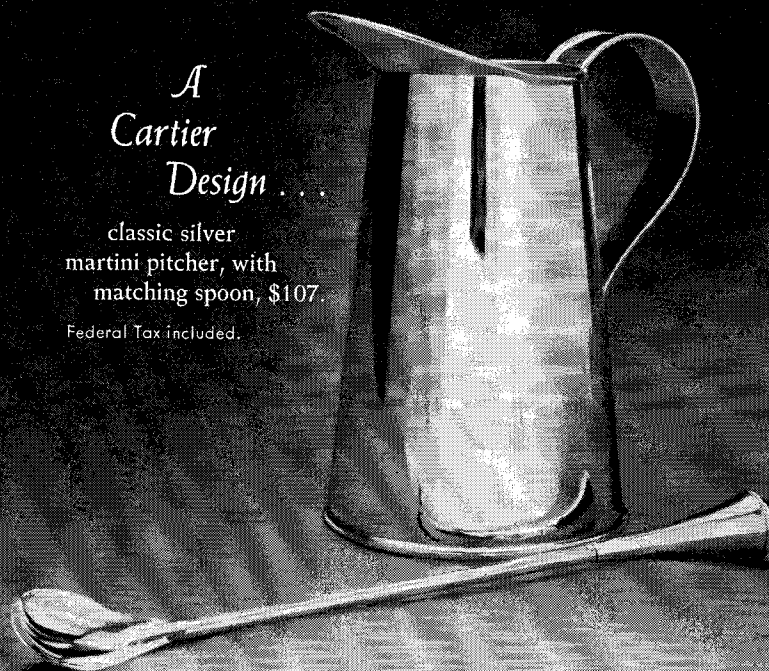
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like a monster, not to have wanted to go home!"

The Doctor sighed. "If you didn't you didn't," he said. "No is just as good as yes."

"But I didn't face reality!"

The old Doctor peered curiously at her over his spectacles. "What do you think reality is, if I may ask?" he inquired.

Mrs. Harley looked surprised. "Why, being home and taking care of Jimmy and being responsible for everything, and cooking and—"

"I see," interrupted the Doctor. "I'd like to talk to you about Miss Diggs, if you can take your mind off your unforgivable sin long enough to pay attention."

"It was unforgivable, wasn't it?" demanded Mrs. Harley, seizing on his words. "You admit it was absolutely unforgivable."

"I admit nothing of the kind," the Doctor said. After all his years of dealing with patients, he was still learning it was wiser not to make even the gentlest joke. "It was a perfectly sensible decision, and the longer you keep picking away at it the longer it will take you to get well."

Mrs. Harley looked stricken. She sat up straight, with an attentive and earnest expression, as though she were at the Symphony, while the Doctor proceeded.

"I think you ought to tell Miss Diggs you're sorry for what you said at lunch that day. She's still brooding over it; she's as bad as you are about getting a stranglehold on some happening and never letting go. Only in her case the motive is just the opposite from what it is in yours, naturally."

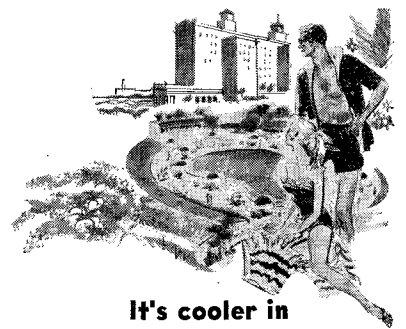
"You mean she's an introvert and I'm an extravert," Mrs. Harley said, displaying vestiges of vanity.

"I mean if I could get her to say yes to the world and you to say no to it, I'd die a happy man," exploded the Doctor. Instantly he regretted his choice of phrase.

"Oh, Doctor—are you— Do you feel all right?" Mrs. Harley asked with feverish anxiety. The patients hung upon the state of the Doctor's health. He was the key to the door that led out into life.

"I feel fine," the Doctor said impatiently. "What I was trying to say was, there's a lot you could pick up from Miss Diggs that would help you—whatever else Miss Diggs lacks, it certainly isn't an ego—besides getting your mind off this guilt obsession of yours."

Suddenly things fused in Mrs. Har-



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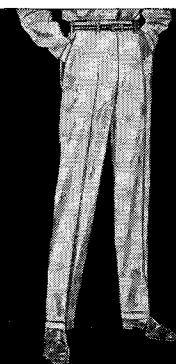
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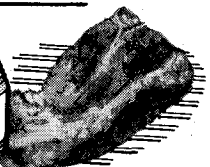
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ley's head, as they did once in a while. "You mean if I could learn to do what an introvert does I'd be well?" she asked slowly.

"To be able to say a firm no—that's about right," the Doctor agreed with relief. These moments came, from time to time, with his patients when they saw what he was driving at, and he noted the calmed eye, the reflective look on Mrs. Harley's face, and drew a long breath. Such moments were all that kept his courage up.

When the Doctor had departed, trotting down the hall to his next appointment, Mrs. Harley went across to Miss Hughes' room. Miss Hughes was sitting sorting out her top bureau drawer. Mrs. Harley shut the bedroom door dramatically behind her.

"I've had an insight," she announced. "All we have to do to get well is to be like Miss Diggs."

"But I don't want to be like Miss Diggs!" cried poor Miss Hughes.

"No, but listen," Mrs. Harley began, making herself comfortable on the bed.

MISS DIGGS was always to be at a loss as to the reason for her sudden popularity, that summer, with the extraverts. Hitherto they had had a way of staring at her as though stunned when she said the simplest thing. Now they received her words in what she had to admit was a gratifying manner.

It had begun that late afternoon when Mrs. Harley came down to Miss Diggs' downstairs corner room and tendered her a very handsome apology for saying that what Miss Diggs said as she got in the car had not been the speech of a lady. Miss Diggs accepted the apology.

"An ancestor of mine lies on Flodden Field," she said, giving a few little snorts of satisfied outrage.

"Oh, I'm sure of it," Mrs. Harley had said enthusiastically, clasping her hands as she sat on the edge of the bed. "You have such a— an *inherited* face."

"Would you please not sit on my bed?" Miss Diggs said. "It ruins the springs."

Mrs. Harley sprang to her feet. "Of course!" she exclaimed.

She looked quite as if she had seen a vision. Miss Diggs told herself that Mrs. Harley was always looking as if she had seen a vision, and that, like the other extraverts, she was forever being carried away by her enthusiasms. But it was, somehow, different when it was oneself and one's pronouncements that were the subject of the vision and the

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enthusiasm, as Miss Diggs was to realize more and more as the days went by. Mrs. Harley, Miss Hughes, Mrs. Gleason, and Miss Percy—who was a new arrival, quite sick, and took it for granted that imitating Miss Diggs was part of the regime at Hardpan Farm—all treated Miss Diggs as though she were something miraculously vouchsafed.

But on that first day, when the late-afternoon sun threw its long beams through Miss Diggs' west window, and Mrs. Harley asked if she might wash her hands for dinner, to which Miss Diggs naturally replied, "I can't stand having people use my towels," it had been a surprise to have Mrs. Harley reply humbly, "Of course not. I don't know how I could have thought of such a thing." Miss Diggs had always had the uneasy feeling that the extraverts thought her ways mean—not that she cared; why should she let a lot of strangers dirty up her clean towels? But now, obviously, Mrs. Harley thought her ways wonderful, inspired.

Mealtimes became a very different thing at Hardpan Farm. Instead of the featherbrained, inconsequent chatter that had emanated from the extraverts, a heavy silence prevailed. Mrs. Harley, Miss Hughes, Mrs. Gleason, and the tractable Miss Percy bent darkened brows over their plates.

"What's the matter with all of you?" Mrs. Martin ejaculated one day. "Cat got your tongues?"

No one deigned to reply; Mrs. Harley allowed a thunderous scowl to appear, instead, on her forehead.

"It certainly isn't very lively here," Miss Hay said peevishly. "At the last place I worked, a very superior sanitarium with six in help, everybody did their part to make things pleasant for the nurse."

At that, the extraverts did rather twitch; surely Miss Hay would not give notice and make more trouble for the overworked Doctor? But most important of all was to get well. It was the Doctor's own favorite adjuration. Devoutly and gloomily they knit their brows, glanced at Miss Diggs to make sure they were doing it right, and continued to eat, in a firm, oppressive silence. The Doctor, at his end of the table, glanced at them curiously and reached for the pickle.

"Contrary to popular assumption," he remarked into the void, "individuation cannot be achieved by identification with types that have a mechanism opposite to the individual's own. The prime object of therapy should be to establish the individual within the



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framework of his own type; only by accepting his type can the individual be free to transcend it. In a case I saw in Paris—"

Mrs. Harley, trying hard to look gloomy and indifferent, had the feeling that she was about to burst.

"I was born in Paris," she was impelled to reveal.

Miss Hughes met her eyes with a dark, Diggslike stare. "So what?" she said.

When they rose from the table, instead of gathering around the round central table in the living room to gossip, the extraverts all stalked away, stiff-legged, to their rooms, brooding. The Doctor was left alone in the living room with his nurse and his housekeeper.

"They slay me," Miss Hay said. "The whole bunch giving that spitting imitation of Miss Diggs. They sure are crazy."

"They are not," the Doctor retorted for the hundredth time. "They're neurotic."

"They're like a lot of babies," Mrs. Martin said, giving her white pompadoured head a contemptuous toss. "Great, useless, spoiled babies."

"The outstanding thing about babies," the Doctor said, "is they grow."

"It's my contention that they'd all be well in the shake of a lamb's tail if you'd just put them to work and make them stop thinking about themselves," Mrs. Martin went on, warming to her favorite theme. "That Mrs. Harley, for instance. She ought to be home this instant, tending to that poor neglected little chap of hers. I know you never see fit to take my advice, Doctor, although I've seen plenty of the world in my time, but it's my contention—"

"I know all about your contentions," the Doctor said, halfway down the hall.

ONE hot afternoon late in July, Mrs. Harley went for a walk in the woods. She came out of her room wearing a thin white cotton dress and sneakers. Miss Hughes was coming out of her room at the same instant. Neither of them spoke; they stared coldly at each other, and Miss Hughes grunted. Then they went separate ways.

Mrs. Harley went down the back stairs and out of the porch door. As she met the sweet, languorous air, something in her went out to it, but she suppressed it firmly. Assuming a depressed expression, she strode across the lawn toward the path to the woods. Me, she told herself. I must get a feeling of me.

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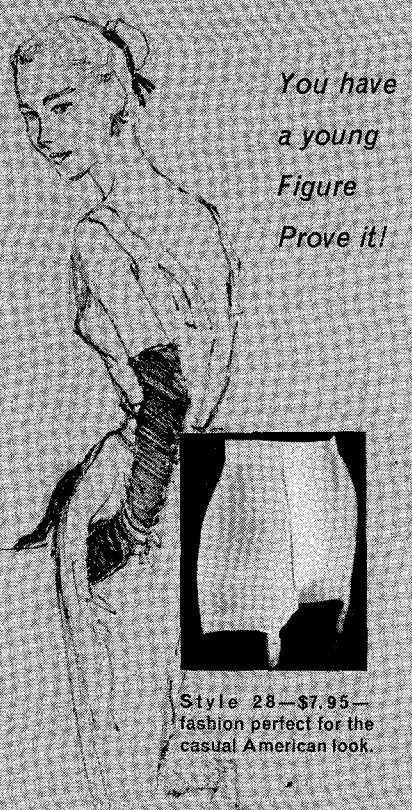
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pay any attention to bobwhites, Mrs. Harley adjured herself. She entered the thin, leafy, whispering woods that edged the fields of Hardpan Farm, trying conscientiously not to notice anything; it was very hard.

The narrow path, lined with scratchy bushes and smooth as satin from the golden-brown pine needles underfoot, led gradually downhill into the deeper woods. It was cooler here, but still softly singing, murmurous with summer; as she approached the broad, hummocked marsh that lay in the lowest part of the woods, the smell of skunk cabbage came to her, overpowering but not unpleasant. Underfoot, the ground was soggy; squelch, squelch, her footsteps went. The bog water that seeped into her sneakers felt cool and good. From far away, back in the high meadows burning in the sun, a cicada squealed its piercing note that seemed to speak of ripeness, of plenty.

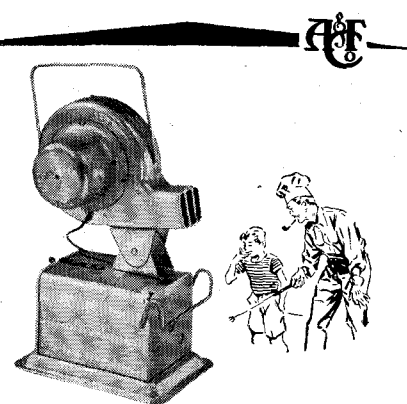
She passed a pool that lay black and scum-laden among thick clumps of tall, jagged-edged, green, curving ferns. The path climbed then, still tan and slippery underfoot, until it reached the pinewoods that crowned a hill.

It was like a church there—or, rather, churches were like it. The tall pines rose as straight as columns until their summits curved to meet each other in a groined vaulting, through whose arches the blue sky shone. The floor was smooth and brown. Unable to resist her sense of the appropriate, Mrs. Harley knelt down on the ground, as though she were a tourist in a European church, and clasped her hands. "Oh, God," she prayed, because it seemed so unavoidably the thing to do, "make me"—but what?—"myself," she finished, and rose determined to try harder.

Head firmly bowed, she walked home fast, by another way, over the open meadows, and came into Hardpan Farm just as the frogs could be heard tuning up for their evening concert down in the swamp. The old farmhouse felt cool. Mrs. Harley stood still in the front hall, catching her breath. To her right, the door to the Doctor's study stood open. The Doctor was at his desk, surrounded by a welter of papers and books. "Come in," he called when he saw her. "Have you had a nice walk?"

Mrs. Harley, feeling shy and happy at this unscheduled attention from the Doctor, went in.

"Rather nice," she said deprecatingly. "But it's so hard to keep from being distracted by the outside. I want to go home, but I know I still haven't got a



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real ego. I can't seem to master the trick of feeling myself."

"What did you say?" the Doctor inquired.

"I said I couldn't seem to learn how to feel my ego, the way even poor old Miss Diggs does."

"No, what did you say before that?"

She thought.

"I said I want to go home but—"

She broke off and stared at the Doctor. "But I thought I was supposed to feel myself."

"What do you imagine yourself is?" the Doctor exclaimed. He burst out laughing.

After a moment Mrs. Harley started to laugh, too. "But I always thought when I went home it was going to be like a breaking out into the golden world," she explained. "Sort of as if I rode away on a white horse. I thought it was all going to have a happy end."

"What gave you the idea it would be an end?" the Doctor asked. He began urgently redistributing the clutter on his desk. "I can show you just the passage," he said, poking. "Where is that dratted Bhagavad-Gita?"

Finally he gave up.

"I've been behaving like a child," Mrs. Harley declared, with her most rapt look of enlightenment. "Trying to be one thing when I'm really another. Why, I've been acting as though I had the mind of a child of twelve."

The Doctor viewed her state of exaltation.

"Not at all," he said witheringly. "A child of twelve has a very good mind."

—NANCY HALE

The teacher needs for 1957-58 are set at 32 of which the school now has 17, leaving 17 to be hired. In addition three secretaries and five janitors will be needed.—*Paterson (N.J.) Call.*

And one math teacher.

The National Pest Control Association has appointed these Washingtonians to serve on committees: J. Harry Britt, fumigation; Alva H. Bender, ethics, and Simon Ratner, rodent control.—*Washington (D.C.) Post & Times Herald.*

Nicely rounded, anyway.

Tuesday night an anonymous telephone caller told the cops that Rivera would get out of a cab at 2 A.M. on Columbus Ave. at either 76th St. or 78th St. The detectives took posts at 78th St. and the cops, in plainclothes, at 78th St. Right on time, Rivera stepped from the cab at 76th St., and Brady and Rossi arrested him.

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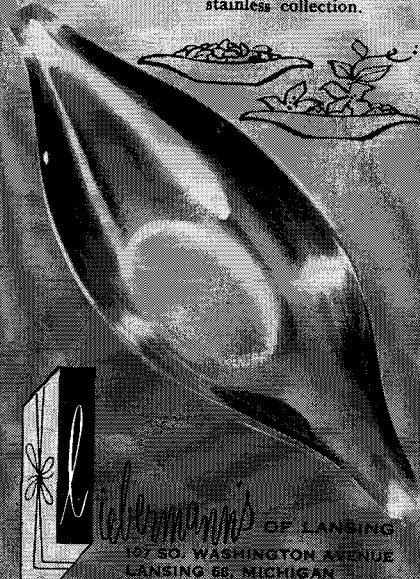
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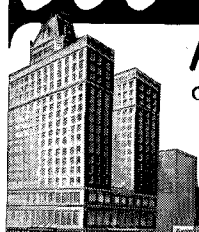
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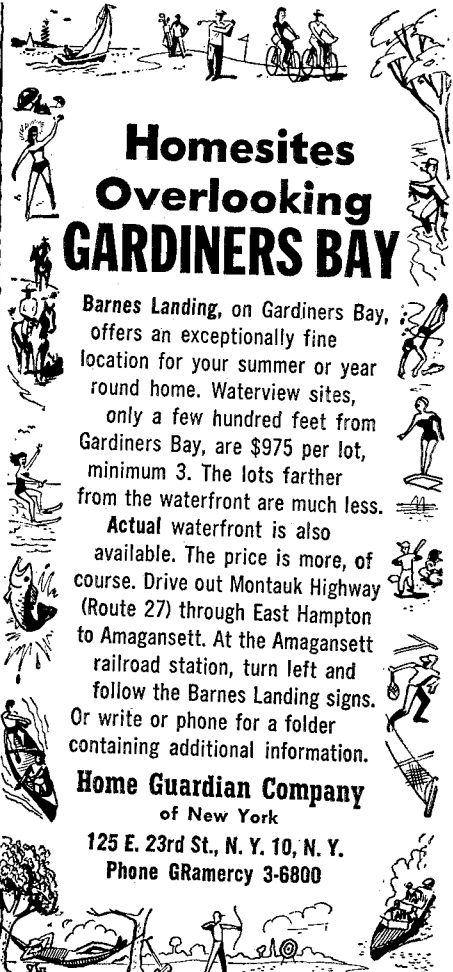
"PRIVATE'S PROGRESS," an English film directed by John Boulting, is a very jolly account of the activities of a group of militarily incompetent Britons pressed into service during the Second World War. Although unsuited to the rigors of Army life, these misfits have an uncanny knack for keeping their eyes on the main chance, and their stratagems for avoiding participation in the hardships of war are brilliant. The only one among this company of connivers who is somewhat lacking in ingenuity is a pale young scholar, hopelessly baffled by military rigmarole. As played by Ian Carmichael, this innocent is a completely captivating character, and from the moment he announces to a tough top sergeant that he would like to skip a drill because he is "feeling rather fragile" until he finds himself caught up in a plot to divert into private channels some art treasures the British have recovered from the Germans, he is a solidly comic figure. So, for that matter, are the others in the cast, from Richard Attenborough, who depicts a crafty Cockney, to Terry-Thomas, who portrays a badgered major trying, with no success whatever, to make his troops stop shirking.

After the initial reels of "Private's Progress" have established, with high hilarity, that Britain can turn up just as many Good Soldier Schweiks as any other country, the movie gets down to describing the machinations of a brigadier (Dennis Price) who has figured out a scheme for conducting a raid behind the enemy's lines to recover a lot of German loot. The brigadier, who is our scholar's uncle, convinces his superiors of the worth of his plans but neglects to inform them that he intends to put a few treasures by for himself. Out of the goodness of his heart, the brigadier includes his nephew in the crew that is to do the raiding, even though the young man has nothing to recommend him but an ability to speak a few words of Japanese he has picked up during an Army language course. Mr. Carmichael makes a funny business of jabbering in Japanese at a German officer whom he encounters during the raid, and all hands, under Mr. Boul-

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ing's bright direction, turn the heroics that are usually displayed in movie versions of excursions into enemy country into a sardonic hash. The dialogue in "Private's Progress" is gratifyingly brisk and comical, and the climax of the piece is properly ironic. The film advertises that it was made with the coöperation of absolutely no one, which we can certainly believe, and as an afterthought it includes a dedication to "those who got away with it." All in all, the movie is an enjoyable relief from the solemn, spurious war pictures that we have so frequently been afflicted with in the past few years.

"THE PHANTOM HORSE" is a Japanese film that tells persuasively the simple story of a ten-year-old boy who lives on a ranch on Hokkaido, the northernmost Japanese home island, and takes as his chum a colt that his family eventually has to sell to a large racing stable in order to keep going. Later on, the colt, handled by the boy's older brother, wins the Tokyo Derby. As you can see, this plot is standard stuff, but Koji Shima, who directed the picture and collaborated on the script with Kimyuki Hasegawa, has made it a lovely thing to see, and Yukohiko Iwatare, who plays the ten-year-old, is a most attractive youngster. The color photography is magnificent, particularly when the camera examines the landscapes and seascapes around Hokkaido. If you're ever faced with the problem of entertaining a child, "The Phantom Horse" will provide a fine solution.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

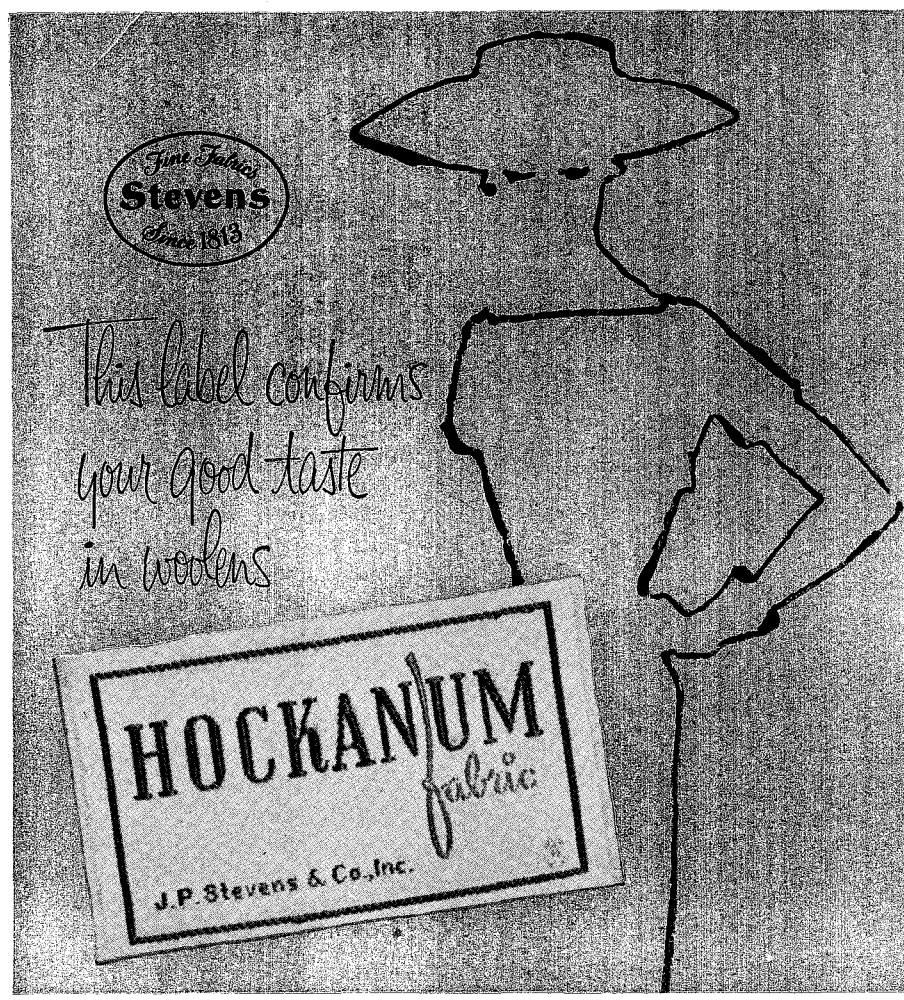
Operation of the lung is simple. The mask is fastened to the diver's head by means of head straps; the lower edge of the mask fits below the lower lip of the chin, not below the chin. The mask should not leak excessively as the diver's time on the bottom will be decreased.—*Instructions for operating the Browne diving lung.*

If not his stay on earth.

STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE

[Hy Gardner in the Herald Tribune]

One of the most generous donations made to the Bravest and Finest Fund, the organization which sends checks to the widows and kin of N.Y. police and fireman killed on duty, was from Frank Costello. He heard about a special drive while reading in his prison cell and wrote out a fat check in the hope the contribution would remain anonymous. Which we don't think it should.



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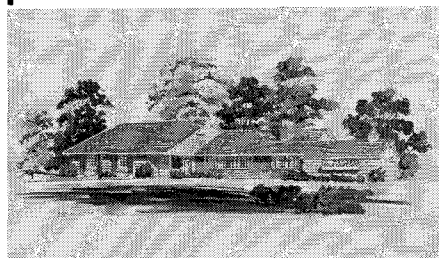


BY NOW, a lot of people may find it tiresome to hear that Swaps has done it again. Others—and I am one of them—look

upon each new feat of his as an amazing, almost incredible achievement. If you think I'm going off the deep end, consider his performance in the Sunset Handicap at Hollywood Park, which was the most exciting event of the past week, as far as I am concerned. Carrying a hundred and thirty pounds, and giving from twenty-one to twenty-six pounds to the eight other runners, he led throughout the mile and five furlongs and won, eased up, by four lengths or so, in 2:38½, which is a world's record. If you care to make anything of it, when Man o' War won the Lawrence Realization Stakes at Belmont Park in 1920, he ran a mile and five furlongs in 2:40¼, and his time stood as a world's mark until 1949, when his grandson Ace Admiral did the distance a second faster at Santa Anita.

If he hadn't lost the Californian Stakes last May, when his jockey, Shoemaker, unfortunately misjudged the distance, Swaps would have made a clean sweep of his engagements at Hollywood Park. As it was, he won his next five starts, set three world's records, and equalled another. Recently Rex Ellsworth, his owner, was quoted as saying, "One day, before we retire him, I'd like to open up with Swaps just once. I'd like to see how fast he can run. If Shoemaker ever really hit him, he'd take off like a thunderbolt." Well, I hope I'm around the day they turn him loose. According to present plans, Swaps will run five or six times more this season. His next engagement will probably be the Washington Park Handicap at Washington Park in Chicago, after which he'll come East. If all goes well with his sore foot—he wears a special medicated pad between it and his shoe every time he runs—he will race again next year. In fact, it is the intention of his stable to keep him going until he passes Nashua on the winning list. That shouldn't be too difficult if he has a couple more meetings like the one at Hollywood, where his prize money ran to \$301,300. As the figures stand now,

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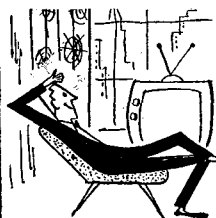
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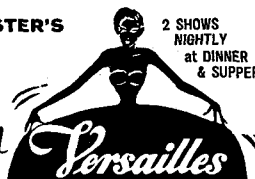
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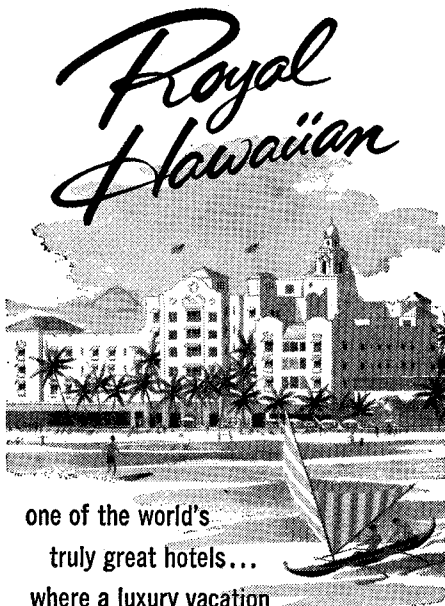
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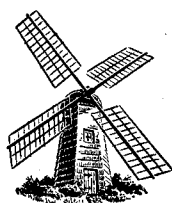


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Nashua has won \$1,236,965 and Swaps has won \$763,150.

ONE of the points Swaps' critics have been stressing in their arguments that he can't possibly be all that good is that Mister Gus, whom nobody rated as a wonder horse, had finished a reasonably close second to him on three occasions. Well, Mister Gus won the Arlington Handicap in Chicago last Saturday, beating eleven of our better older horses and, incidentally, running the mile and three-sixteenths in 1:54 1/5—a new American record for grass courses. Summer Tan, who led most of the way, was second, Sir Tribal was third, and Fisherman was fourth. The race, which wound up the Arlington Park meeting, had a gross value of \$154,850 and was worth \$97,900 to the winner. Altogether, not a bad effort for an animal fresh off the cars from California.

POSSIBLY because I'm so accustomed to seeing the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct, it didn't seem quite the same when it was run at Jamaica last weekend. It was a lively affair, though, with Greentree's Riley going around the leaders in fine style on the stretch turn and winning in a whipping finish from Oh Johnny. Bill's Sky Boy was third. Riley had been a disappointment to his stable, but he made some amends last Saturday, for he was the first to carry the Greentree colors to victory in the Dwyer Stakes since Twenty Grand did it in 1931—and what a horse he was! No doubt Riley will run for the Travers Stakes at Saratoga Springs this month. Needles will skip the race (he's in Chicago for the American Derby), but it should be interesting, anyway, if Robert Lehman's Count of Honor, winner of the Westerner Stakes at Hollywood Park, goes for it. Count of Honor, who is by that remarkable runner Count Fleet and, from all I've heard, looks and runs like him, has rocketed to prominence. He didn't race when he was two; indeed, he didn't make his first start until early this June, but he has won all five of his races. In the Westerner he ran the mile and a quarter in 1:59 2/5, which is stepping.

THE obvious thing to say about Florida's darling, King Hairan, is that he likes Jamaica better than I do. Early in the meeting he won the Tremont Stakes quite easily, and the other afternoon he won the Great American Stakes just as easily. Beau-guerre, who was unbeaten on the New



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England tracks, was second in the Great American. King Hairan's next start will be in the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth this coming week, when he may meet Bold Ruler, winner of five straight this season. By the way, the Middle West seems to have quite a runner, too, in Greek Game, who is unbeaten in four tries and who romped off with the Arlington Futurity by five lengths a fortnight ago. If you care to know what his jockey, Hartack, thinks, he said after the Arlington Futurity that Greek Game was the best two-year-old he'd ever ridden. Arcaro didn't go quite that far about Leallah after the Astoria Stakes at Jamaica recently; all he said was that she was the best two-year-old filly out this season.

And speaking of fillies, Levee, winner of the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont and a handicap race at Jamaica a couple of weeks ago, added the Monmouth Oaks to her list of victories in Jersey last weekend. She set a track record, too, but then they're all doing it.

A LONG time ago, when our best horses raced in Canada, I went to Fort Erie to see the Dominion Handicap, but all I can remember about the place is that it was pretty tumble-down and had a grim betting ring at the far end of a ramshackle wooden grandstand. I was up there again early last week, and I must say that in the four years it has been under a new management, of which E. P. Taylor is the directing force, it has been transformed into a very up-to-date and pleasant place to go racing. At first glance, the stand and the paddock remind you of the New Woodbine, at Toronto, and well they should, because a number of features at the Toronto track were tried out at Fort Erie. The racecourse has been done over, too, into a one-mile oval main track with an excellent turf course inside it and three lakes in the infield, which have been christened, unofficially, the straight, place, and show pools. Although the horses aren't the best you ever saw, they put on a good performance. Some of them could do very well for their owners at Jamaica. Indeed, some have. By the way, the New Woodbine will have a fifty-thousand-dollar race late in October. Any one for Toronto? —AUDAX MINOR

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 25

IN the last few years, the only major amelioration in the increasingly grave Paris traffic problem has been the decree against honking horns, so the rising motor menace has at least been silent. Now figures given out by the Prefecture state that this year a million automobiles are operating in Paris and its suburban Department of the Seine; that this figure represents supersaturation; that the extra parking and traffic difficulties expected to arise from October's annual Salon de l'Automobile, in the Grand Palais, form the big worrying problem the traffic squad will be studying throughout August; and that, as a splendid result of the Salon, two hundred thousand more cars are expected on the streets of Paris and the Seine Department by the spring of 1957, "when the situation will become dramatic." What with the workers' production of new cars and the citizens' ability to buy them representing the norm of modern prosperity, Paris, like all capital cities, is tied to the tail-light of today's automotive civilization, even though many of its medieval streets are too narrow, even though it dare not build public garages as long as a million Parisians continue to be badly housed because of the shamefully slow housing plan, and even though its civic beauty, its stock in trade, is being ruined by parked cars. According to M. Roger Genebrier, Prefect of Police, "it is the traffic strangulation caused by free street parking that is our basic problem." His "Draconian plan," he states, is to imitate New York and banish all parking in midtown. To bedevil street parkers, he already enforces what is called the *alternat*; just before 8 P.M., you have to hurry downstairs and park your car on the other side of the street or risk getting a ticket. (He threatened to apply this ruling just before midnight, which would have been even more inconvenient.) The Prefect has declared that to charge money for street parking, either here or in any other town in France, would, unfortunately, demand an act of Parliament. Some of this summer's four and a half million expected tourists, whose international monies and enthusiasm for Paris are vital to the French economy, have already complained that instead of the romantic, picturesque, gay *Parée* of their dreams

and guidebooks, Paris looks like an outdoor garage. The Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés is packed as solid with cars as an American drive-in movie. In front of the handsome Louis XV façade of the Place Vendôme, parking has just been limited to an hour, to prevent cars from *estivating* there en masse day and night. Permanent free car parks have even been opened on the paved embankments along the Seine, whose riparian charms are lost among regiments of automobiles reflecting their landlubber silhouettes in the flowing waters. Among the costly, ugly traffic palliatives is the underpass at the Place de l'Alma,



which destroyed a *bosquet* of venerable chestnut trees, and other subterranean passages are currently being built at the Portes de Châtillon, Montrouge, and Orléans. To discipline the dangerous, constantly growing scooter traffic, female pillion passengers are now forbidden to ride modestly *à l'amazone*, or sidesaddle, because they tend to fall off, causing more bottlenecks.

With Paris martyred by cars, it is ironic that further suffering is caused by there not being enough taxis. In March, the taxi-drivers struck for more pay, but got little satisfaction. They now earn an average of about forty-four thousand francs, or a hundred and twenty-five dollars, a month, including tips; work eleven hours a day; go home to lunch just when you and I need them to go out to lunch; endure one or two hours of slump in the afternoon (which is the reason cab companies keep their number down); and from six to nine are so popular (and so disorganized, owing to the day shift's going off and the night owls' coming on) that you wait from thirty to forty minutes for a cab on the sidewalk in front of any midtown hotel. These are the vital hours for tourists, during which the curtain of the Folies-Bergère rises and many international Wagons-Lits trains depart—both events being not uncommonly missed for lack of a cab. It is safe to say that so far this summer the angriest, most warranted tourist complaint against Paris, accompanied by scathing comparisons with London, Rome, Brussels, Basel, Munich, and Manhattan, has been aimed at this infuriating and sometimes disastrous rush-hour lack of taxis—the only cheap

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WEST POINT • NEW YORK

commodity left (when you can find it) in this overpriced town. Among its many heavy financial undertakings, the French government has subsidized wheat-growing, to placate the peasants, and feels called on to give millions to the overproduction of sugar beets, to please the alcohol trust. It might be respectfully pointed out to the Direction Générale du Tourisme that perhaps taxi-drivers should be subsidized as well, to attract more of them, and that, above all, their working hours should be re-organized, to provide the public with transport when it needs it most. After all, tourist money is also a very important annual French harvest.

WITH theatres mostly closed—because half the population has gone off on holiday, to be followed next month by the other half—the movies have, as usual, come into their own. The best films in town, according to the French intellectuals, are foreign, and are either so good or so quarrelled over that they are still being screened at the neighborhood level. Foremost among them, for the laughter and the affectionate tears it arouses, is a remarkable Spanish movie called "Marcellin, Pain, et Vin" in the French version. It's a film about a child and a miracle, and its juvenile performances are as stunning as those in the film "Forbidden Games," of several years ago. The main role is played by an amazing little Spanish boy named Pablito Calvo. The story, based on a nineteenth-century legend, relates how the child has been left, as a foundling, at a monastery kitchen door, where the jovial monk cook takes him in charge. At about the age of eight, the boy finds an old crucifix that has been relegated to the monastery garret, and, supposing the lean Jesus to be hungry, secretly carries Him his own meagre meals—the miracle (wonderfully handled with trick photography) occurring when Jesus descends from His cross to hold the child on His knees. He asks Marcellin, "Whom would you rather see in Heaven—your mother or mine?" "Mine," Marcellin answers stoutly. "I know she would be prettier than yours." The child then departs this earth, with a chance to see both. Splendidly directed, a true and tender tear-jerker, it is also, in its perfect balance, an extremely funny film at times, with an uproarious market-day scene, among others. Do not miss Marcellin when he comes your way, which he is bound to do.

The most wrangled-over film is Italian, produced by the munificent Leftist

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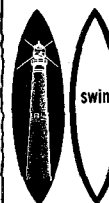
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Luchino Visconti, Italy's most fastuous and creative theatre maestro. Called "Senso," it is indeed a tragedy of the senses, intermingled with the revolutionary politics of the *risorgimento*. To the cinema star Alida Valli, no longer young, has been given the difficult role (in which she is photographed quite badly but acts very intelligently) of a provincial wedded countess who falls in love with an occupying enemy Austrian officer—a low-life *arriviste*. For his sake she betrays the cause of Italian liberation, only to be abandoned by him; she avenges herself, rather than liberty, by denouncing him as a deserter, which he had become for her sake. His death before a firing squad is composed like a painting by Goya. In the hilltop scenes of the Battle of Custoza, where galloping far-off troops and lurching guns and swaying coaches assume the tiny, ludicrous appearance of martial toys, and in the Fenice opera scenes and the Verona night views, this film achieves incomparable cinematographic compositions. It was these scenes that fetched the French intelligentsia. The critical quarrels with the picture came from both Right and Left. The Rightist intellectuals denied that an aristocrat could have fallen so sensually in love with a vulgar cad, and the Leftist intellectuals were discomfited because the Leftist Visconti showed a liberation movement so clouded and betrayed by murky sensuality. In other words, was the love tragedy humanly valid as drama, or was the *risorgimento* made spiritually deformed and false? These are not problems that should weigh heavily with New York cinema addicts.

SOCCIALIST Premier Guy Mollet's government avoided falling this week by not insisting on the plan of his money-hungry Finance Minister, Paul Ramadier, to raise funds for the Algerian war by a new income-tax boost of ten per cent. This had understandably dismayed the Parliamentary deputies, not yet recovered from having acceded last month to a preliminary ten-per-cent income-tax increase to help pay for the newly augmented old-age pension. It now looks as if Parliament will accept, instead, the floating of a so-called "patriotic loan" of a hundred and fifty billion francs, at three per cent, despite Ramadier's cynically pointing out that the money, which he needs immediately to meet the increasingly deficient French budget, will come in much slower via patriotism than it would via taxation. Moreover, he warned the National Assembly's Fi-

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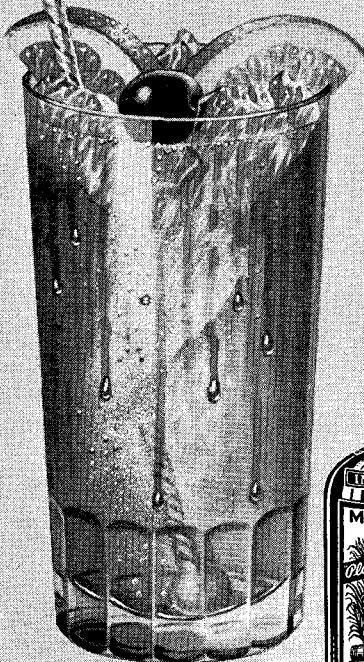


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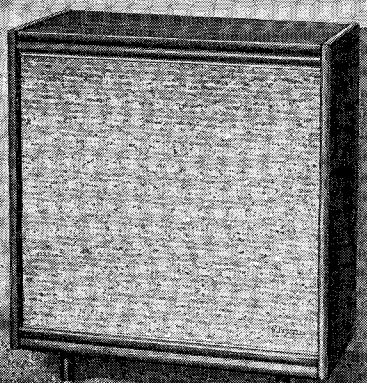


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nance Committee that if the loan is not fully subscribed by mid-November, his threatened ten-per-cent tax boost will have to be applied. To check inflation, the government has just set up price controls—mostly on things the average French do not buy once in a blue moon and none at all on food and other constant purchases. During the last fortnight, the franc, still officially pegged at three hundred and fifty to the dollar, has fallen on the free market to more than four hundred to the dollar—close to the lowest point it has reached since the war. Mollet has declared that he will not devalue the franc, which everybody takes to mean that it will be devalued by whatever government succeeds him in November, he also having announced that he expects to fall then on the Euratom atomic-energy issue, which already looks as though it will blow Parliament in two, just the way E.D.C. did. After the past three years of customary political dissensions and exceptional prosperity, France now appears to be headed for three months of dissensions only, until its franc is healthily cut in November to a realistic lower level, where a less fictitious prosperity can begin afresh.

THE de-Stalinization crisis of the French Communist Party has just been squashed flatter than a beetle under a boot heel at the Party's fourteenth annual Congress, held last week in Le Havre. To show this Congress's exceptional importance, delegates from twenty-five foreign Communist Parties attended, including one from the midget Republic of San Marino, as well as from Finland, Canada, Mexico, India, and Korea. It also featured the solemn presence, for the first time, of a delegate from Holy Russia itself—Tovarisch Souslov. In his speech, Souslov weightily praised Maurice Thorez, object of a personality cult all his own among the yes men of the French Party, and also mentioned Siberia, where, he said, "Soviet citizens have created great industrial and intellectual centers"—perhaps in those labor camps we have heard about. Thorez, in his two-hour speech, weightily praised Souslov, too, and did not once mention the name of Khrushchev. After all the French delegates' pre-Congress talk about the "full, frank discussions" and the "new liberties of democratized expression" that they were bravely going to bring up in Le Havre, they meekly voted unanimously—unanimously, mind you—to reelect Thorez General Secretary and head man of the Party, which, as the



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liberal *Monde* blandly pointed out, was tantamount to the delegates' saying nothing more than "Amen." The same hysterical pitch of Party sycophancy marked the Havre talk as of yore; Party Secretary Etienne Fajon, for instance, declared on the platform that Souslov's speech—and dull it was—had been listened to with "choked throats and eyes dimmed with tears of emotion." It is also to be noted that the Havre Congress was held in the handsome, brand-new City Hall (replacing the one bombed in the war), on invitation of the city's Communist mayor, who undoubtedly would have had a fit if the Demo-Christian M.R.P. Party had tried to hold its congress there, and that the platform's background curtain was decorated by the hammer and sickle, surrounded by five of Picasso's famous peace doves. Instead of harping on de-Stalinization, the Congress theme was the Front Populaire—the old united front with the Socialists that the Party has been plugging during the last six months and that the Socialists have been ridiculing. The Socialists' plucky, pathetic, one-sheet newspaper, *Le Populaire*, reported on what it called a "Congress event of no great importance—the twelve pages addressed to the Socialist Comrades that were read aloud by the wife of Maurice Thorez." *Populaire's* final report on the Congress was insultingly headlined "MAURICE THOREZ'S PARTY WILL CONTINUE TO BE THE FRENCH PARTY OF THE RUSSIAN NEO-BOURGEOISIE." That seems about the size of it. —GENÉT

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the *Herald Tribune*]

WASHINGTON, June 28 (AP)—An Army secretary stood it as long as she could. Finally this week curiosity got the better of her and she decided to see what was in three large paper bags which were neatly tied and stuffed together on the top shelf of a storage closet.

Each bag was expertly hand lettered "Trash." Above and below the word was the rubber stamp: "For official use only."

Good news for fresh-water sailors: The boating season is open in Flushing Meadow Park.

... Although no swimming is permitted, anglers are welcome to try their luck in the lake, and according to Charles Starke, director of recreation, there are enough cod, perch and sunfish to make it worth a trip.—*Long Island Star-Journal*.

One small cod would repay this fresh-water sailor.

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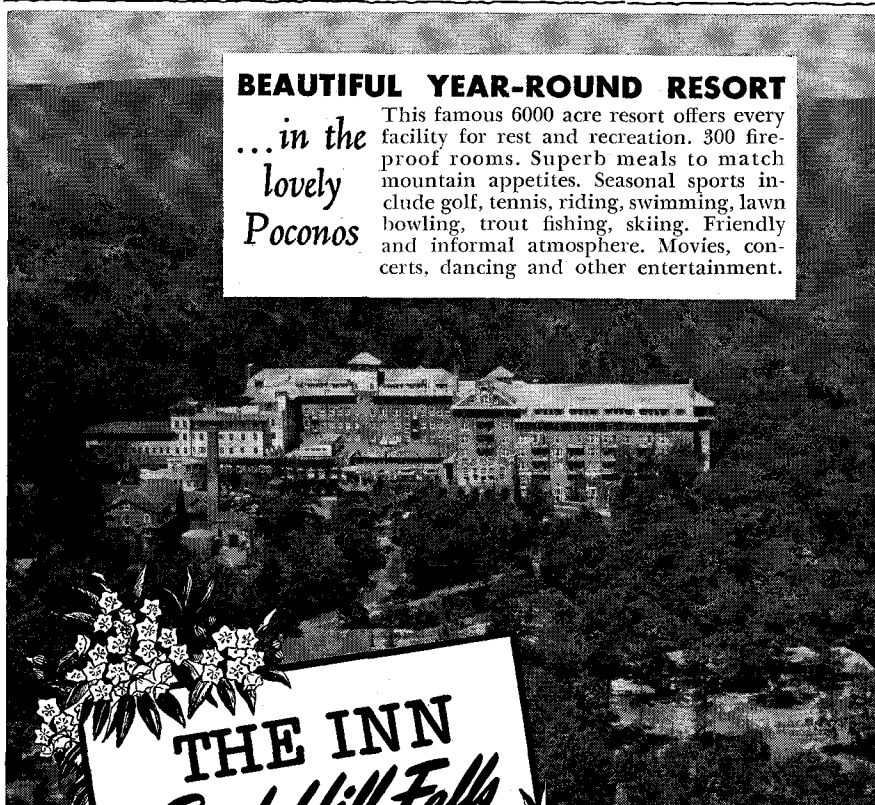
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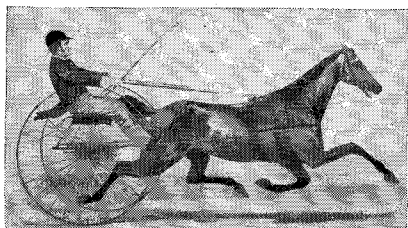
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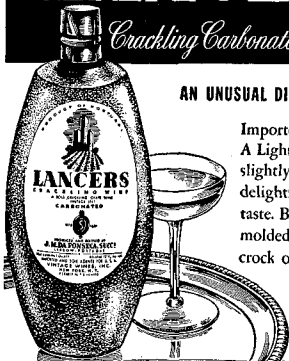


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TEE AND GREEN

Dying on the Vine

THE annual Championship of the Professional Golfers Association of America, which was decided last week at the Blue Hill Country Club, in Canton, Massachusetts, is the only professional match-play tournament of any consequence left in this country, and since it would be a pity to lose the tradition, the event is worth all the loving care the P.G.A. officials lavish on it. But if it is to maintain its position as a top-flight attraction, comparable to the Masters or the Open, some changes would seem to be necessary.

For one thing, take the recent sites of the tournament. Blue Hill, for instance, is pleasant enough, but it isn't in a class with the courses the P.G.A. used to frequent, such as Oakmont, near Pittsburgh, or Olympia Fields, near Chicago, or Scioto, near Columbus, Ohio. The layout is unimaginative, the traps present few terrors, and the rough is nothing that an eight-handicap man couldn't have easily dealt with.

For another thing (and this is perhaps more serious), take money. The Championship's prize money, which is contributed by the host club, comes to \$24,500. First-round losers receive fifty dollars each, or not much more than they need to take care of their caddies. The contestants who lose out in the next three rounds fare little better; a beaten quarter-finalist gets only five hundred dollars, and the two beaten semifinalists each go home with what's left of a thousand after expenses. On the other hand, the winner's take is a whopping five thousand dollars, and the losing finalist is consoled with three thousand. In the locker room at Blue Hill after his third-round match, Jack Burke, the eventual winner, observed, "You know, you've got to win four matches in this thing just to break even. That's hard on most of us." A good many well-known players agree with him. In fact, several of them had to be pretty strongly exhorted by their home-course employers before they would enter the tournament, and some of them, including Cary Middlecoff, the reigning Open champion, ignored the event. If this trend continues, gate receipts will reach the point of no returns, suitable courses willing to bid important money for the P.G.A. Championship will be



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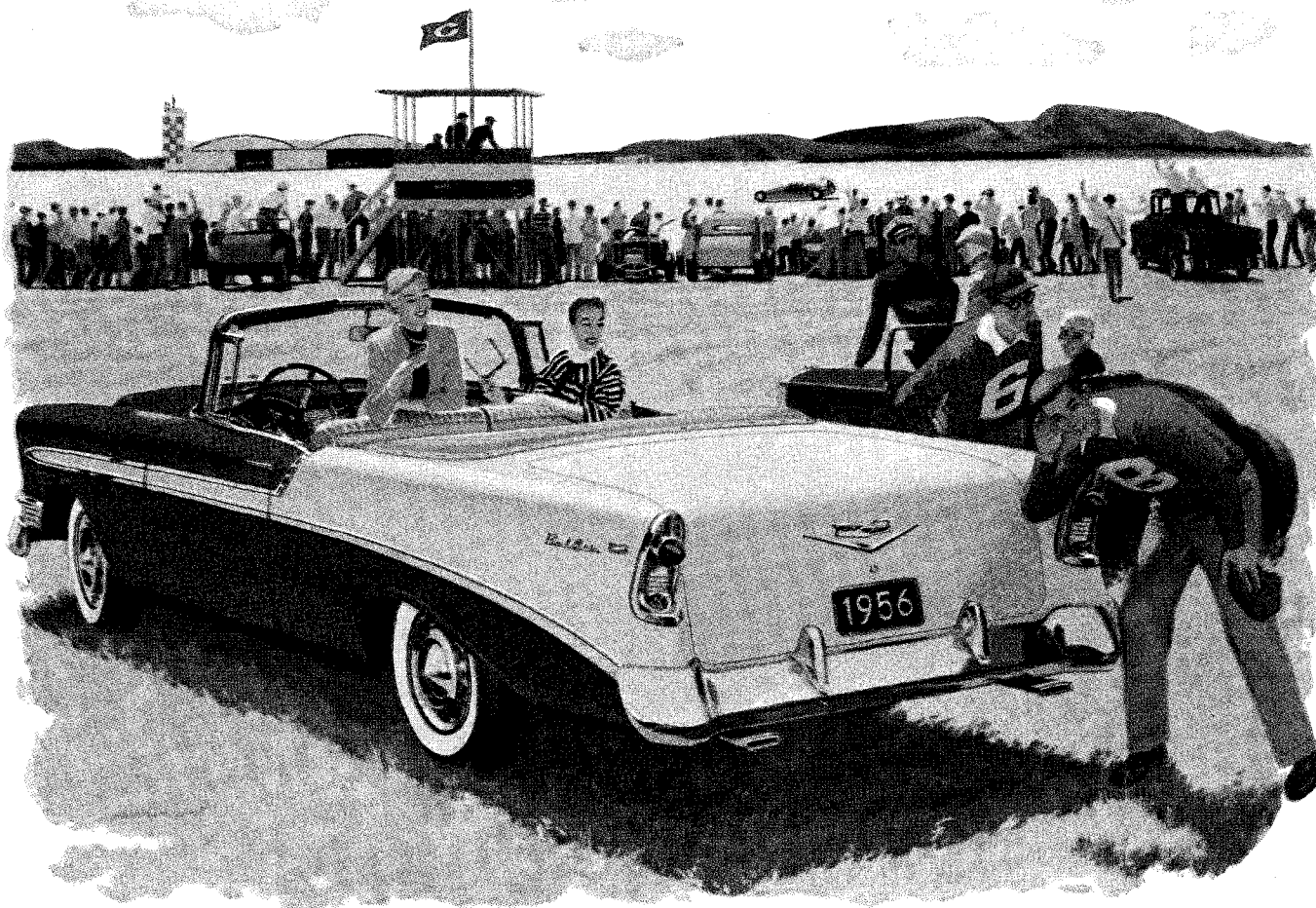
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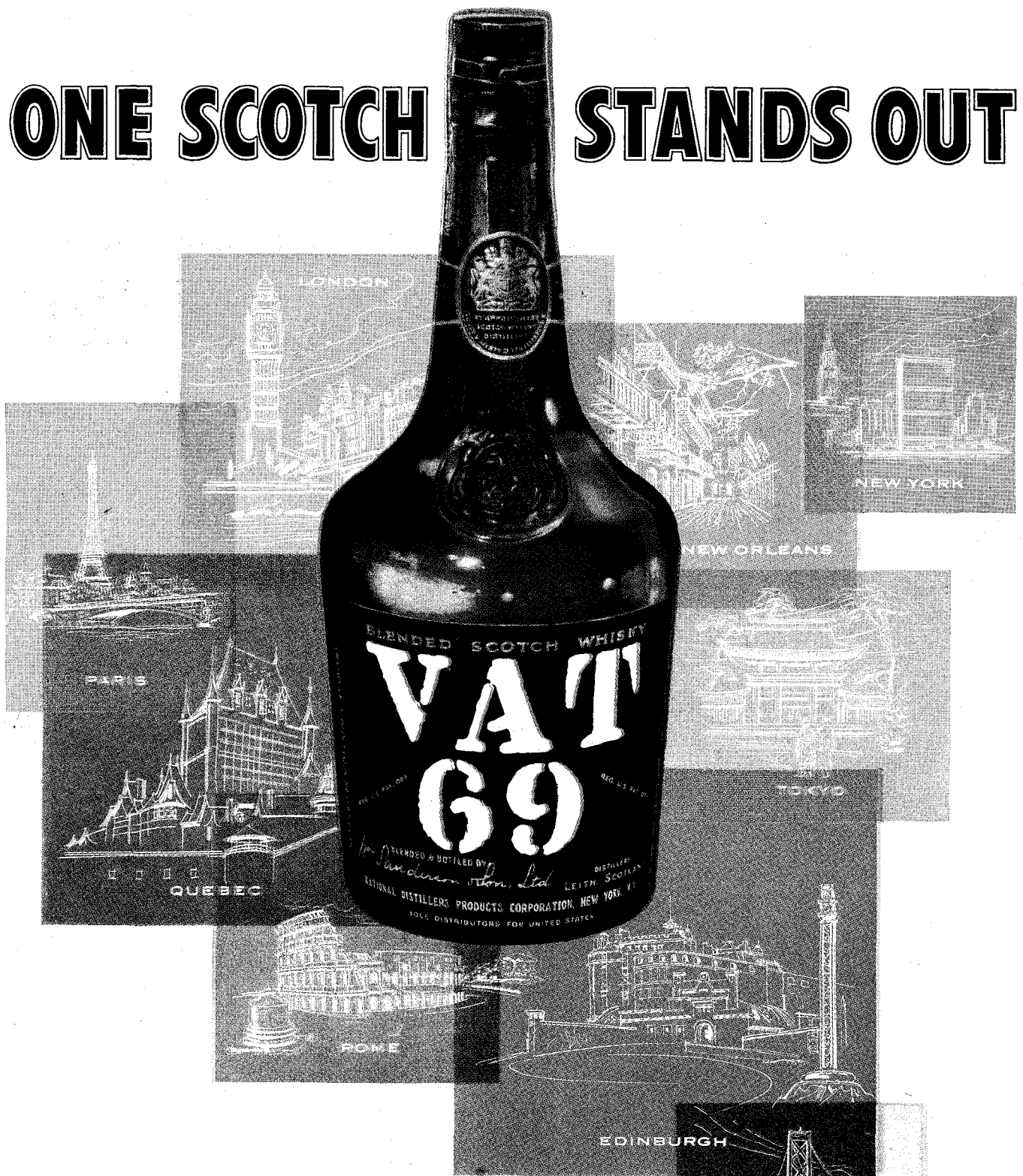
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even scarcer than they are now, and the tournament will eventually either be dropped or become a minor-league affair. Blue Hill paid \$42,500 for the privilege of being the host club this year (the extra \$18,000 went to the P.G.A. treasury), and my guess is that, what with extra labor, special installations, and so on, it lost at least that much more.

It seems to me that if the P.G.A. would loosen its purse strings and treat the host clubs more like business partners, worries about survival of the tournament would dissolve. If the starting field were reduced from a hundred and twenty-eight to sixty-four, if the first-round losers were given \$250 and the prize money through the fourth round increased by the same amount, and if the winner's share were cut to four thousand dollars, I'll bet that almost everyone concerned would be happier—except maybe the P.G.A. treasurer.

BURKE's victory must have been most satisfactory to him. At thirty-three, he has been a touring professional for fifteen years, and although he has almost always been well up in the money, he had not captured a major title until this spring, when he won the Masters. Before that, he had been seriously thinking about devoting most of his time to a real-estate business he and Jimmy Demaret operate in Houston. What's more, he has never regarded himself as much of a match player, but he must have got over that notion last week. In the third round, he beat Fred Haas by holing a twenty-five-foot putt for a birdie on the second extra hole. After fourteen holes of his thirty-six-hole semifinal match with Ed Furgol, a former Open champion, he was five down, yet won with a birdie on the first extra hole. And in the final, against Ted Kroll, he was three down going to the fourteenth but produced a string of four consecutive birdies, to win by 3 and 2. The acquisition of two major championships in less than four months may well have postponed his real-estate career by a decade or more. —P. W. W., JR.

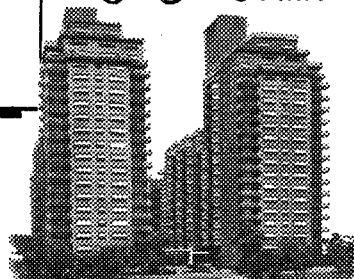
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BOOKS

Man in Texas

NOBODY in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, not even Stanley Walker's or New York City's best friends, would have said that the affair the two were having wouldn't last. He had come to the city with rare gifts from a Texas upbringing, and she had accepted them and made him her favorite lover after the feverish passion for the other Walker, Mayor James J., had come to its melancholy conclusion. His post as city editor of the *Herald Tribune*, and the way he filled it, brought him as close as a man can come to a perfect union with the queen of the lower Hudson. He was devoted, and there was no complacency in his manner of making love. With courtly reticence, yet with all his heart, he told what was going on between him and the city, in "City Editor" (Stokes, 1934), when he wrote:

[The city editor] suffers from migraine and buck fever. He has his moments of fumbling and fright; he knows that no matter how good he is, he is not quite good enough. He knows that no amount of effort, even with a brilliant staff, can make the picture of his city, as mirrored in the news, as complete in its moving lights and shadows as it should be to approach perfection. . . . He knows frustration and bewilderment. He also, unless he lacks imagination, has a whale of a good time. . . . He deals with strange and ever-shifting material. The show has its dreary interludes, but it is never quite the same. If he wants to work, or if he really has ideas, he can find a full outlet on almost any paper. The grandstand from which he watches the parade, it must be, affords the most nearly complete and certainly the most amusing view. . . . He may compare himself to the manager of a baseball team, impresario of a road show, the driver of a mule team, a schoolteacher hammering knowledge into the backwoods crackers, an overworked and underpaid hangman, the boss of a chain gang, a priest with a parish in Hell's Kitchen—in whatever fashion he tries to rationalize his position and explain why he does this and why he does that, the truth remains that

his best reward lies in the knowledge that he has seen a magnificent performance of buffoons and sinners, stuffed shirts and brave saints.

In 1945, he was no longer a city editor but had become a famous New York figure. By then he was making up to his loved one with his typewriter and engaging in a social life of the wide-ranging sort—Racquet Club to Fulton Fish Market—that New York is notoriously crazy about and encourages her suitors to maintain as a background for the great, elemental love affair. Then Walker left town, saying hardly a word to anybody, returned to his birthplace, and let it be known that he was never coming back. Like a wife who finds only a note of farewell pinned to her pillow, New York has long deserved a further explanation, and it is now available in Walker's latest book, "Home to Texas" (Harper).

A reader unacquainted with Stanley Walker's career, with the personality that New York found so original and bewitching, or with his way of putting down words on paper might easily fear, after a glance at the dust jacket of his book, that it will turn out to be another one of those stories in which somebody goes back where he came from as millions doze. On the dust jacket is a sketch of New York's skyline and a sketch of a ranch house (hens and cactus in foreground). The publisher describes the book as "the random recollections of a famous New Yorker who exchanged a successful newspaper career for a ranch in Texas." Then, for the first few hundred words, Walker seems trapped, simply by a recitation of bare facts, into what sounds a trifle like an introduction to good ranchkeeping; he inherited some land in Texas and decided to give up "the New York



"Would cheeseburger be masculine or feminine?"

rat race" and go live on the ranch with his bride, the marriage ceremony to be performed "in Texas because it might be bad luck to be married anywhere else in the world." Once Walker has fought his way through this difficult beginning, though, any reader will find, I think, that what he has in his hands is not a commonplace story of domestic adventure or the haphazard memoirs of a newspaperman but an autobiography by a hard but pliable, perceptive, and thoughtful American who has much to say and who knows exactly how to say it. Walker's gifts as a level-eyed observer and a careful handler of prose make the unfolding of his story appear easygoing and sometimes discursive, but the whole effect of the book is no more random than a bullet from a six-shooter entering the head of a rattlesnake. Walker the Texan is a sure shot, as was Walker the New Yorker; he likes to shoot only rattlesnakes and sheep-killing dogs, and in his life he has run across a good many of both. Five of the seventeen chapters of "Home to Texas" appeared, in slightly different form, in this magazine between 1941 and 1954. Reading them over again is rewarding and, considering the two dates, revealing. Walker began writing the book four years before he had any idea of going home to Texas; it may well be that one of the chief reasons he left New York was an instinctive wish to finish writing the story of his life in the place where his life had started. In his story there is a happy intertwinement of leisurely remembrances of yesterday and staccato reports of all hell busting loose on the ranch today, and that is lucky for the reader, because it gives the book a flavor that is artistically correct.

To label "Home to Texas" an autobiography may easily be as unfortunate as to call it a book of random reminiscence. Walker has a bent for being closemouthed, and in autobiography that is an admirable and effective quality; it helps to convey the personality of the writer far more than run-of-the-mill soul-searching could, and the reader's unconditional surrender is likely to be one of the results. He accepts what he reads after he discovers that the writer has an uncompromising desire to tell the truth but is too much of a man to gabble on and on about it, especially when emotions are involved. A good short autobiography comes along only once in a great while. One of the best ones, I've always thought, was Anthony Trollope's. I remember how Trollope makes one feel because he says so little about his mother, and I



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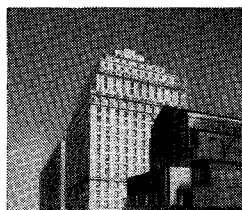
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won't soon forget how Walker can make one feel when he writes:

It was never my privilege, if it is a privilege, to have a mother who was beautifully serene, who could sit quietly, her white hair glistening in the soft lamp-light, and grow old charmingly and in sweet contentment. My mother was a sweet and amiable person all right, and much loved, but she was all wire and raw-hide, and she was never still. Her figure became bent, tragically so. Her face was brown and strong, and her prominent nose, which I inherited, gave her the look of an old mother eagle. Her brown hair was streaked with gray. Her hands, to me, were the most pathetic part of it all. Even when I had reached middle age, and had become all but immune to most of the little things that tug at the heartstrings, I could not look at those hands without wincing and wanting to cry out in protest.... They were talons.

In discussing, briefly, his reasons for leaving New York, Walker says, among other things:

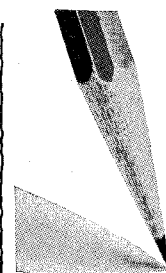
For me, the party was over. I wasn't angry—not at myself or at the beautiful Gomorrah. But I was going back to Texas, and so glad of it that I could already smell the clean air and see the violet-colored hills.

Yet if he loved Texas, it does not seem to be the same feeling he once had for New York, because he adds:

Most of the time, as a youngster, I looked upon Texas and many things Texan with feelings pretty close to hatred and disgust. Texas was a place to get away from. These feelings, of course, came in part from lack of knowledge and perspective, but there is no need to apologize for them; they were real, honest, and I do not need to prettify them. As an eager but perpetually frustrated youth, I looked upon Texas as a place essentially coarse and brutal. Its humor was either silly or offensive. Its so-called heroic figures were mostly fakers. Its politicians were ridiculous, either ignoramuses, zealots, demagogues, or plain asses. Few persons ever read a book, and when they did it was a fourth-rate book. The prominent women were raspy-voiced, unpleasant, and bossy. The preachers tried to run everything, and came very near doing it. The wrong people got the respect and the money.... My feeling was shared by many another boy and girl of my own period. That is one reason you will find Texans scattered all over the world, doing big and little jobs. Some of them may lift a glass to dear old Texas on Texas Independence Day, March 2, but they have no hankering to go back and settle down.

Walker gives only one chapter of his book to New York, and, it being an emotional subject, he is effectively closemouthed in what he has to say:

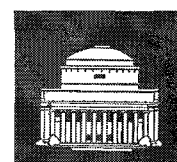
It began to dawn on me that many of the good places in New York, like the more attractive people, were disappearing. New York is a preëminent example of a



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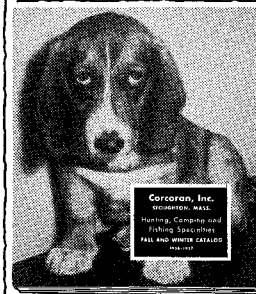
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city which doesn't know the difference between change and progress. I liked the sedate, dark old Waldorf-Astoria better than the fancy new one. I even preferred the old brownstone houses to the startling and heart-chilling pile of Rockefeller Center which replaced them. I like heavy oak better than chromium. I prefer the red-checked tablecloths of a musty chop house to the zebra stripes of El Morocco. . . . The chip on the shoulder became the mark of the New Yorker. For example, there was a waiter whom I had known slightly for years. I liked him, and thought he felt kindly toward me, and I was glad when I heard that he had saved some money and opened a little place of his own on the upper East Side. One night, nobly suffused with good will and a couple of shots of bourbon, I took a taxicab up to see this man. . . .

"Nice place you have here, Carl," I said, as friendly as you please. "I'm glad you could do it. I think it's fine, and I came up to wish you good luck."

His face darkened, and he snarled at me: "So-o! You think it was easy, you son of a bitch!"

The ranch Walker took his bride to had been owned by his father for forty years, but not lived on by him, and the Walkers found that

The weeds, mostly dead stalks now in the late winter, were thick all around the house and former barn. The horehound, mark of a sheep camp, was green and thick; some of the mullein was alive, and there was almost an acre of ugly dead mullein stalks. Sageweed, milkweed, grass burrs, povertyweed, ragweed, broomweed—all were there. Loose stones, pieces of brush, shreds of rotten rags, tin cans, broken glass, rusty nails, old iron, and assorted pieces of junk covered the landscape.

We saw that if we were to do anything with this establishment, we would not even be starting from scratch but would have to remedy the neglect and vandalism of almost a century. Before the white man settled in this country, the grass had come up to a horseman's stirrups, and in the spring the wild flowers sparkled as far as a man could see. There were a few buffalo, many deer, and the land supported a wonderful and bewildering variety of game birds. To this place, and to many others, the poor, greedy, and short-sighted Anglo-Saxon had brought little but ugliness and ruin.

How the Walkers, with almost no capital, managed to make a going concern out of the ruins is part of Walker's story. They did it, against odds that would have discouraged even an editor in chief. What happened when the floods came, and then the drought, is another part. A gallery of Texans, their portraits painted in Walker's own particular fashion, is another part. But the main part—what ties the book together and makes it an accomplishment of superior quality—is the personality of the autobiographer. The closemouthed



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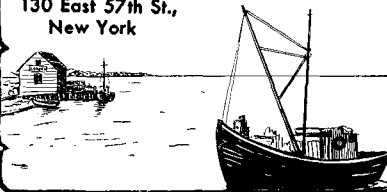
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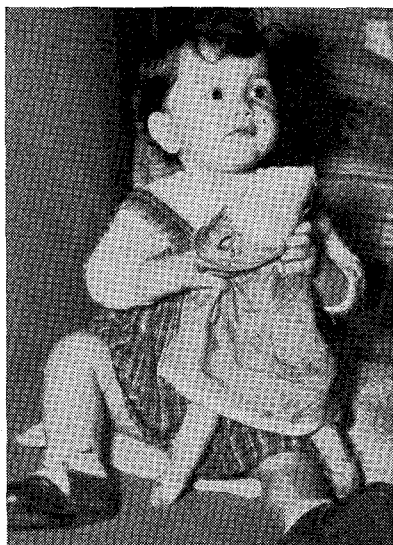


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The only "home" Demetra has ever known is a large warehouse in Athens partitioned with ropes and rags to make "rooms" for many refugee families. Demetra's father cannot find employment in poverty-stricken Greece; her mother has even sold her own winter jacket to buy milk for her baby. Demetra's parents pray that someone, somewhere, will help them care for their little daughter.

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Walker would never say so, but the book seems to hint that he went home to Texas to find something he could not find in New York or anywhere else on earth. His story is not the story of the search for it—that is one reason this is a good autobiography—but from the time Walker gets his story going until the end of it, one is able to enjoy all the pleasures of hearing what a man has to say who has found himself.

—ST. CLAIR McKELWAY

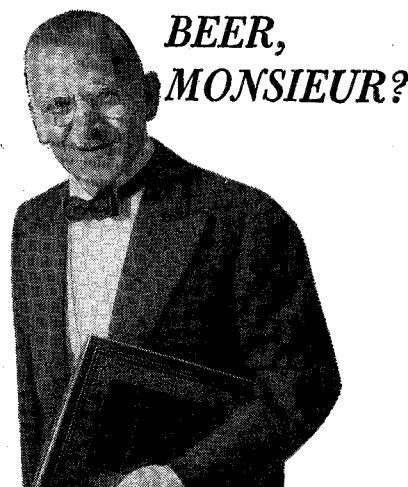
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MARBLE ORCHARD, by Margaret Boylen (Random House). The extreme individuality of Mrs. Boylen's writing often seems strained, and so obtrusively so that it occasionally interferes with her story, instead of furthering it or heightening it. Nevertheless, she is a very good writer—imaginative, quick, and marvellously conscious of all the ins and outs of the lives that interest her. She tells of a beautiful, wily, contentious Iowa girl, Lovey Claypoole, sixteen years old, whose secret is that she can see again after three years of almost total blindness. The story begins strongly, and increases gradually in power, to reach its climax in two splendid scenes—one between Lovey and her grandmother in a graveyard, and one in which Lovey remembers the day she and her grandmother met and defied a tornado.

THE HOPE OF REFUGE, by Sikes Johnson (Little, Brown). A vigorous, sentimental, and expertly written first novel. Mr. Johnson chronicles the last four or five hours in the life of a middle-aged lumberyard manager named Hamp Taylor, who lives, with his Russian-born wife and three small children, in a little ragged town in West Texas. The time is the Korean War, and because of nothing more than his wife's origin, Taylor has been warned anonymously that he and his family must leave town by sunup of the day of the story. Taylor, who is that rare achievement in fiction—the successful mapping out of a kind, dignified, and moderately courageous nobody—decides, out of some mere grain of stubbornness, to stand his ground. The results are hypnotic and terrifying.

THE HALF-CROWN HOUSE, by Helen Ashton (Dodd, Mead). This pleasant and leisurely story of the waning days of a famous old English country house offers very little in the way of



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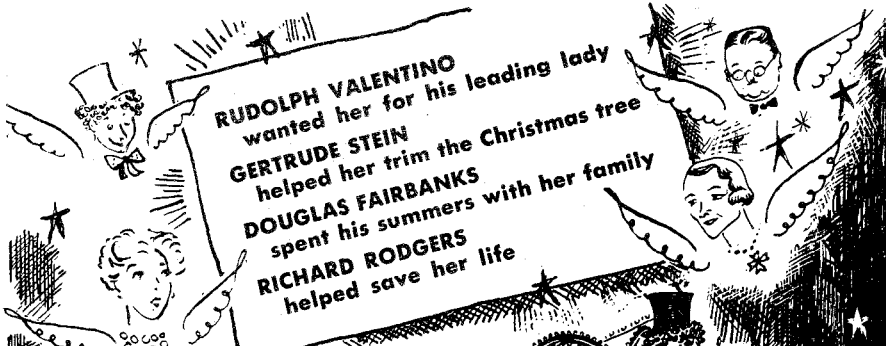
characters or plot, but the detailed descriptions of the great rooms and halls and the gossipy recollections of bygone times and bygone manners are delightful. A Literary Guild selection.

DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER, by William Brinkley (Random House). A prolonged wheeze about a Navy public-relations section in the western Pacific in the final months of the Second World War and how it functions under the inspired command of Lieutenant Commander Clinton (Marblehead) Nash, an ex-Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane man from the Midwest. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

THE AGE OF FIGHTING SAIL, by C. S. Forester (Doubleday). A concise, gracefully written, and remarkably objective history of the naval part of the War of 1812, which was, as Mr. Forester makes plain, one of the oddest and most fruitless ever fought. America went to war with England—principally over the question of British impressment of American seamen—at a time when England was defending the liberty of the world (and possibly of America) against Napoleon, and then, in negotiating the peace treaty, backed down on its stand against impressment; during the war, American merchants, given safe-conduct through the British blockade, sold corn in Portugal to Wellington's armies in return for British gold; the American Navy confounded the British Navy, the largest in the world; and the war was still being blithely carried on by an American warship off Java six months after the peace had been signed. Mr. Forester's descriptions of the great sea fights are masterly. There are sketchy end-paper maps but no illustrations of any sort. The sixth volume in the Mainstream of America Series.

BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE, by Russell Kirk (Regnery). A collection of essays by one of the most articulate spokesmen of the new conservatism. Professor Kirk ranges widely—he lights into Dr. Kinsey; discusses censorship, present-day English letters, and the problems posed by Communism; and perceptively reviews Wyndham Lewis's latest novel—but the thread of his thinking is clear throughout. The heart of his creed—or anti-creed, for he is against ideology—is that liberal-



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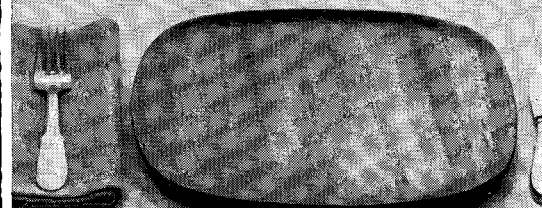

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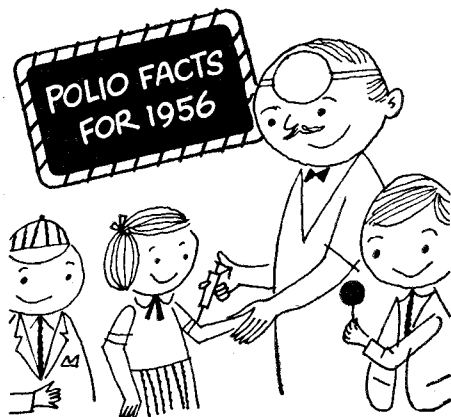
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ism is bankrupt. With the assistance of Marx, Freud, and the self-styled scientists of human behavior, he says, liberalism has justified the greeds of modern man, and he dismisses its claim to be the champion of human dignity by remarking that its real tendency "has been to sweep true human dignity down to a morass of mechanistic indignity." What is the conservatism that Professor Kirk would oppose to this? You'll have to read his book to find out, for it is not easy to formulate; it embraces humanism, accepts the idea of community and the brotherhood of man, acknowledges the overlordship of "One greater than man," and isn't afraid to be called reactionary. As a critical tool in the hands of a writer as adept as Professor Kirk, conservatism has a sharp cutting edge indeed.

JOHN MCNULTY

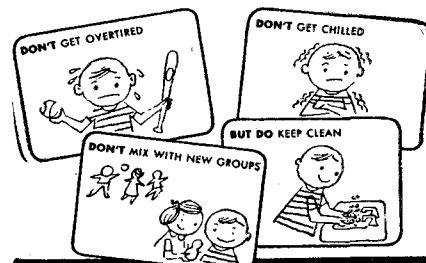
NOBODY who knew McNulty as man or writer could ever have confused him for a moment with anybody else. His presence in a room—or in a town, for that matter—was as special as the way he put words down on paper. His death last Sunday darkened the world for literally countless friends and acquaintances, for he seemed to know everybody. He came back to New York in the early thirties from a long sojourn in the Middle West, and in 1937 he began writing pieces for this magazine. They were the reports of a true and eager eye and ear that found high excitement in both the unusual and the common phrases and postures of men, and turned them into the sparkle of his unique idiom.

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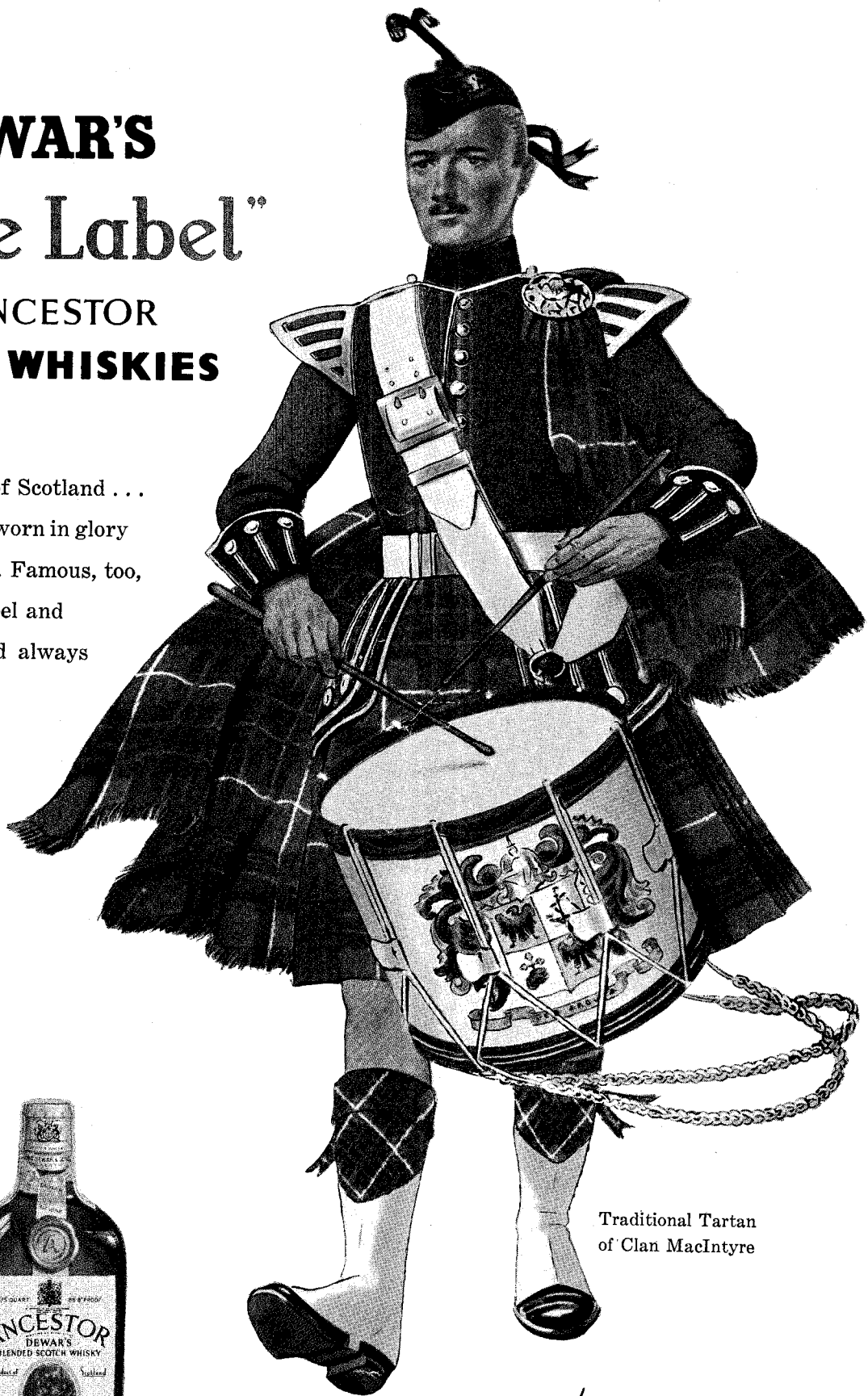
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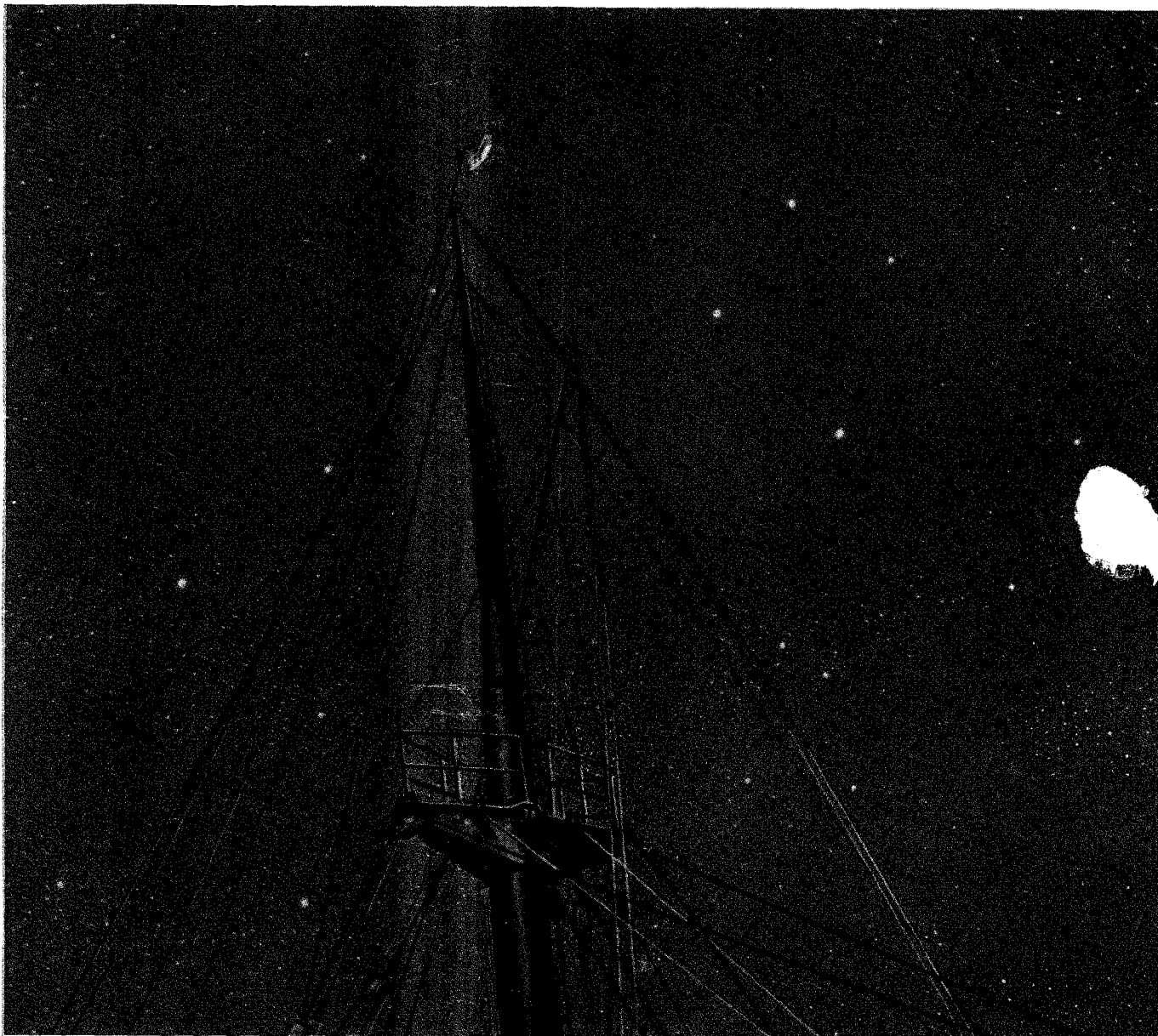


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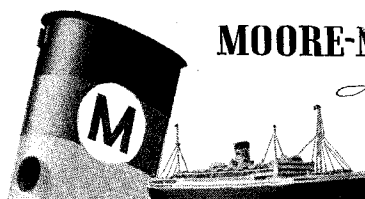
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